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IN

A TOUR ROUND SOUTHAMPTON;

COMPREHENDING VARIOUS PARTICULARS,
ANCIENT AND MODERN,
OF NEW FOREST, LYMINGTON, CHRISTCHURCH,
ROMSEY, BISHOP'S WALTHAM,
FITCHFIELD, &c.

And a Tour of the Isle of Wight;

WITH NOTICES OF THE
VILLAGES, GENTLEMEN'S SEATS, CURIOSITIES,
ANTIQUITIES, &c.,

Occurring in the different Roads described.

By John Bullar

Southampton;
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE object of the following pages is to present the traveller with a directory and companion, in his excursions round Southampton, Lymington, New Forest, and those parts of South Hampshire, which best deserve a visit, on account of their various attractions. The observations on the Isle of Wight, having no immediate connection with any particular part of the county, are thrown to the end of the book.

A work of this kind, compressed within portable limits, has long been inquired after. We have some reason to hope, that this little vade-mecum may prove neither an unpleasant nor an unamusing companion ; but if this should not be the case, it lays claim at least to the merit of being a faithful one. To the extent of its information it has told the truth ; and if, with any person, it should stand convicted, in any particular, of inaccuracy, the notice of such defect will be thankfully received ; and measures will be taken to correct it.

That part of it which is borrowed, has been collected from the best authorities. Unhappily, no regular history of our county has ever been published ; but many curious particulars respecting it are to be met
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with, dispersed in various publications. These we have availed ourselves of, not without candidly avowing our obligations.

We are too sensible of the benefits of fair and impartial criticism, to wish to deprecate it. From the honest hand of friendly reproof (more friendly, though it bear a harsher name, than unqualified commendation), this little volume has nothing to fear. Every just critic, in estimating merits, will take pretensions into his consideration; and he will not condemn a book calculated for the information of the general reader, because he finds not in it the disquisitions of learned research.

SOUTHAMPTON,

JULY 25, 1799.

Additional authentic particulars relative to the subjects taken up in this work,—supplies of any which may have been omitted,—and corrections of any material errors or inaccuracies,—will be thankfully received, and duly noticed, if addressed to Mr. T. Baker, Bookseller, Southampton.

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COMPANION

etc.

SECTION I.

*Road from Southampton, through Lyndhurst,
to Lymington.*

HALF a century ago, there was just reason for the complaint, that, though the interesting plains of once imperial Italy had, with classic ardour, again and again been described by our countrymen; and though their travels had made us intimate with the whole continent of Europe, as well as with remoter and less cultivated regions,—they had too much neglected the sublime and the

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beautiful of their native land. But in our days the ground of complaint has been removed; and domestic scenes have been opened to us, by the pen and the pencil of a Pennant, a Johnson, a Gilpin (not to mention the useful though humbler productions of less distinguished names), which leave us little room to regret the absence of foreign wonders, counterbalanced as they are by inconveniences and disadvantages, which to Britain are happily foreign.—Our humble aim, in the following pages, is also to assist the home-traveller, as far as our district extends; and to point out to him those particulars, ancient or modern, curious, remarkable, or interesting, which will best deserve his attention.

As our plan, in this little work, is to consider *Southampton* only as a *central point*, from which our various routes branch out into the surrounding country,—we shall refer the reader, for all that concerns the ancient and present state of that admired town, to the *Southampton Guide*; the object of that
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publication being professedly to furnish all necessary information to its occasional visitors.

First then we proceed to point out the route from Southampton to Lyndhurst,—a distance of ten miles.

Taking the first turn on the left, after quitting Southampton, we enter this delightful road. On the right, at a short distance, we observe a group of genteel buildings, which are called *the Polygon*, from their making part of a plan, which was entered upon some years since, of building a regular figure of twelve sides in that situation. But, owing to the failure of the persons engaged in the undertaking, only the present buildings were completed. The elegant white house, near them, exhibits a specimen of the taste of Bryan Edwards, esq., the well-known author of the *History of the West Indies*; whose property it is, and who, by his judicious alterations, has made it a most pleasant summer retreat. All its attractions, however, are not external; as Mr. Edwards

possesses a considerable collection of paintings, not unworthy the attention of the connoisseur.

Pursuing our journey, we pass between the villages of *Four-posts* and *Hill*; the latter of which, seated on an eminence, as its name indicates, commands a good prospect of the town, river, and neighbourhood. The old fortifications of Southampton greatly add to the view. We are led to regret that the ebbing tide leaves much of the shore naked; and thus, for a time, injures the scene, which is most complete at high water.

The hamlet of *Four-posts*, made up only of a few scattered tenements, is just without the boundary of Southampton, which is a county of itself. Tradition informs us, that this was the place where the markets were held, when Southampton was *last** visited by that most awful and desolating among human calamities,—the plague. This distressing

* We say *last*, because we have reason to believe that the town was *twice* afflicted with the plague, before that of which we now speak.

malady is said to have so greatly depopulated the town, and so generally to have stagnated trade, that the shops were shut, and the streets overgrown with grass; while the melancholy silence that pervaded every scene of business, was interrupted only by the noise of the vehicles which conveyed the victims of disease to their last home; and by the foul-chilling voices of those who were employed in these mournful offices, calling on the survivors to bring out their dead.

“Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.”

This dreadful disease made its appearance at Southampton in the summer of 1665, the same year in which it so calamitously raged in the metropolis. Tradition assures us, that it was introduced here by means of some infected child-bed linen. Its effects were very fatal, and, consequently, highly distressing. The rich having fled into the

country from the infection, trade being at a stand, and provisions extremely scarce, the poorer inhabitants were deprived of the means of subsistence, and were in danger of perishing through want of the necessaries of life. A petition was drawn up, and presented to King Charles II. (who was then at Salisbury, whither he had retired from London), beseeching his majesty to afford them some relief; and setting forth the danger that there was, lest the poor, reduced to extremity, should break out of the town, and thus carry the disease into the surrounding country. They also petitioned that proper medical assistance might be afforded them; of which, though so highly necessary, they appear to have been altogether destitute. The king took speedy measures to succour them in their distress; and, among other means, promoted a subscription for them, to which he himself contributed 50*l*. He was followed, with the same sum, by the Earl of Southampton, then Lord Treasurer. The cities of Salisbury and

and Bristol also, and many towns throughout the kingdom, with that sympathy which marks the British character, liberally subscribed to their relief; so that near 2000l. were collected.*

An anecdote of filial piety, which occurred in the midst of these distressing times, has reached our days. In a small family, consisting only of a husband, wife, and one daughter, this dreadful disease made its appearance. Both the parents were successively seized with it, and successively fell victims to its fury. When the daughter heard the death-cart in the street, and the solemn cry of the driver,—“Bring out your dead,”—she could not bear to think of committing the lifeless remains of her beloved father and mother to an unhonoured and indiscriminate burial. Though entirely alone and unassisted, with her own hands

* For the above particulars, we are indebted to the registers of the corporation of Southampton; which, without the least scruple, we were kindly permitted to inspect. We also return our thanks to those gentlemen who have obliged us with a sight of their parochial registers; and, in general, to all those who have assisted us in our inquiries on this subject.

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she dug a grave in the garden, and, having wrapped their cold limbs in a covering, she committed them to the earth. She afterwards fell sick of the distemper herself; but, through the mercy of Divine Providence, though she had to encounter all its horrors, "unpitied and alone," in her forsaken dwelling, she recovered, and lived many years after. Some of the older inhabitants of the town, who have died within our memory, had often heard her feelingly relate the pathetic story, in which she had borne so very trying a part.

Some have said, but we would willingly disbelieve this part of the tradition, that there were not wanting, amidst these scenes of distress, wretches vile enough to endeavour to propagate the mischief, for the sake of plunder; who exercised a diabolical ingenuity in attempting to introduce the disease into families which had escaped the general contagion.

It is related, that the country people, who supplied the markets at Four-posts with provisions,

visions, in order to guard against the infection, used to range their commodities by the side of a brook, and to transact their business across the stream, which they would not suffer the townsmen to pass. Here the articles of sale were hoisted over to the purchasers; who deposited the price of them in a vessel provided for that purpose; which, before it came into the sellers' hands, was immersed in the water of the intervenient brook.*

We have been unable to learn the number of those who died under this visitation. The calamity, however, must have been the more severely felt, from the very healthy situation of Southampton; which is never subject to any of those local distempers, that so frequently infest low and damp places.

* This brook may still be traced, though not so clearly as heretofore, on account of its having fallen in the way of the new canal. It used to cross the common road from Four-posts to Southampton; which at that time passed along the shore, and, turning into a thoroughfare called Windmill-lane, entered Southampton opposite the Pound-ree, Above Bar. The present commodious road has been opened but little more than twenty years.

Much

Much paper might be occupied in discussing the question,—why Britain, for so long a time, has been free from the ravages of the plague. Some have supposed it periodically to return every forty years; but that period has more than thrice elapsed, since this favoured nation has been visited with it. And among the many suppositions of the “spruce philosophers,” who have endeavoured to account for the sudden rise and the long absence of this terrible disease, we have not yet met with any thing satisfactory. In researches of this kind, where the human mind is constrained to feel its own littleness and incapacity, surely it is the highest wisdom for us to confess our ignorance, and to refer the whole matter

“To the will

And arbitration wise of the Supreme.”

Pursuing our road, *Freemantle-house*, the seat of John Jarret, esq., soon appears on our right. The front is neat; but there is nothing in its appearance by any means equal to
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the sumptuous apartments within. One of them, in particular, is elegantly wainscoted (if we may so express it) with marble, of a very choice kind, which Mr. Jarret lately purchased in Italy.

Along *Milbrook shore*, which we now descend to, runs a branch of the unfinished Salisbury canal. This part of our road, which used to run irregularly over the shore, is so much benefited by the making of the canal, that we are ready to think that *the laureat* was rather out of temper (unless, indeed, he had been one of the many *losers* by this *unsuccessful project*), when he wrote that angry wish in his *Naucratia* (for which, he may be assured, the *proprietors* will never vote him their thanks) :

“ O Milbrook! shall my devious feet no more
Pace the smooth margin of thy pebbly shore!—
Now, through the stagnant pool, by banks confined,
Rolls the slow barge, dragg'd by th'inglorious hind;—
By vengeance arm'd, ye powers of ocean rise!
And when full-orb'd in equinoctial skies
The pale moon hangs, and, with malignant pride,
Rouses the driving storm, and swells the tide,
Lift high the trident, and, with giant blow,
Lay of vain man the pigmy labours low ;

Chastise

Chastise the weak presumption, that would chain
The briny surge, and subjugate the main !” *

Milbrook, which we now enter, is a long, straggling village, with an old church, and many pleasant and genteel houses. Its ancient name, according to Domes-day Book, was Melebroc. It extends nearly to *Red-bridge*.

* Vide Pye's *Naucratis*, part iii. line 349.—This gentleman's muse seems to be an irreconcilable enemy to the canal. She has not only regularly denounced it, in the stately heroics we have quoted above,—but may be said to have given previous notice of her hostility, by the following epigram ; which was circulated in Southampton some time ago, and which is confidently attributed to the same pen :

“Southampton's wife sons found their river so large,
Though 'twould carry a ship, 'twould not carry a barge ;
But soon this defect their sage noddles supplied,
For they cut a snug ditch to run close by its side. —
Like the man who contrived a hole in his wall,
To admit his two cats,—the one large, 't'other small,—
When a great hole was cut, for great puss to go through,
Had a little one cut for the little cat too.”

If any of our readers should think the censure just, and the ridicule rightly applied, we are not anxious to persuade them to the contrary. Perhaps, among the managers of this undertaking, there may be those who can render a reason for what so many have thought an ill-judged and unnecessary expence ; but we, having neither part nor lot in the matter, feel no interest in endeavouring to persuade ourselves, or others, that Southampton Water is at any time dangerously unsafe, for boat or barge ; especially as we know that the memory of man can scarcely look back to a single instance of any fatal accident having happened within this beautiful, secure, and commodious estuary.

Red-

Redbridge, a pleasant village on the river Test, about three miles and a half from Southampton, is a very considerable thoroughfare; the nearest road from Southampton into the West of England passing through it. It is a place of great antiquity, and appears to have been of some note, so far back as the times of the Saxons. Bede (one of our most ancient historians) calls it Reodford, or The Ford of Reeds. Camden tells us, that its name was changed from Reodford to Redbridge, on account of the erection of a bridge over the ford. This may possibly be the case, though its present name is very ancient; as we find, by Domes-day Book,* that it was called Rodbrige upwards

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* As we shall have occasion to mention Domes-day Book more than once, and as some of our readers may not have seen any account of that ancient record,—we presume to inform them, that it was compiled in the time of William the Conqueror, by order of that monarch; and that it contains a survey of nearly all the lands in England. It consists of two volumes, a greater and a less. The first is a large folio, written on 382 double pages of vellum, in a small but plain character; each page having a double column. The other volume is in quarto, written upon 450 double pages of vellum, but in a single column, and in a large but very fair character.

Both

of seven hundred years ago. We learn from the before-mentioned author, that, in the early days of the Saxon church, a monastery was founded here; but we have no information either of its founder or of the order of monks that inhabited it.

Bede, however, furnishes us with the following anecdote of one of its abbots, named Cynbreth, or Cimberth, who presided here about the year 687. Ceadwalla, king of Wessex, having subdued the Isle of Wight, treated the inhabitants with unexampled rigour and inhumanity. The two young brothers of Arvandus (the petty king of the island) having escaped the tyrant's search, fled from the scene of slaughter, and crossed

Both the volumes are bound up in thick wooden covers, secured with plates of brass.—It is called Domes-day Book, either from two Saxon words, signifying *the tax-book*, or from its definitive authority in cases wherein it is consulted, like the judgment of the day of general doom.—Till lately it has been kept under three different locks and keys; but it is now deposited in the chapter-house at Westminster, where it may be consulted, on paying to the proper officers a fee of 6s. 8d. for a search, and 4d. per line for a transcript.—Vide *Encyclopædia*, and Warner's *Hampshire Extracted from Domes-day Book*.

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over to the coast of Hampshire, concealing themselves at a place called *Ad Lapidem*.* But, being betrayed, they were brought to the savage Ceadwalla, who ordered them to instant execution. Cynbreth, hearing of this, went to the king, who was then in the neighbourhood, and besought him, that, if the lads must die, they might first receive baptism. The king granted his request; and the abbot (according to our author's expressions) "having instructed them in the word of truth, and washed them in the fountain of salvation, made them certain of their entrance into the kingdom of heaven; and immediately afterwards, the executioner approaching them to obey the commands of Ceadwalla, they cheerfully submitted to a temporal death, as a sure and certain passage to eternal life."†

* Perhaps this might have been a place in the parish of Fawley, which is now called *Stone*, and is near the sea-shore, immediately opposite the Isle of Wight.—Vide Warner's History of that island, p. 96, note.

† Bede, lib. iv. cap. 16.

Redbridge, at present, exhibits no traces of its ancient state. Its river, which is navigable for vessels of large burthen, has a very busy appearance; a considerable trade being carried on, in coal, timber, corn, &c., by Mr. John Poore, whose property in this neighbourhood is very large; and whose extensive business furnishes employment to nearly the whole labouring part of the village. The Andover canal terminates at this place.

Several vessels have lately been built here, calculated for very swift sailing, on the curious constructions of Brigadier-general Bentham, now superintendant of naval works in the dock-yards. This gentleman, who possesses a great and extraordinary genius in the ship-building line, received permission from the Lords of the Admiralty, in the spring of the year 1795, to put some of his experiments into execution at Redbridge. In the formation of these novel pieces of ingenuity, the saving in the article of timber is very great; as they do not take up
more

more than one eighth part of that which is employed in the common mode of framing ships. Bulk-heads, or partitions, are placed athwart the vessels, as well as fore and aft; which make them equally strong with ships constructed in the ordinary way, if not more so, at about half the expence; and are also calculated to preserve them from sinking; in case they should, at any time, spring a leak, or strike against a rock; as the water would then be confined by means of these bulk-heads.

These vessels were all built under General Bentham's inspection. The two first of them were called gun schooners. These were each from 140 to 160 tons burthen; and were named the Redbridge and the Milbrook; one of them carrying 16, and the other 14, eighteen-pounders. The two next were each of 600 tons; and were called the Dart and the Arrow; each carrying 28 thirty-two-pounders: these were denominated sloops of war, but they are at present equal, if not superior, to our common frigates of 28 guns. Instead of the usual ballast,

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they are furnished with capacious tanks, or reservoirs, made of tinned copper, and containing forty tons of water in bulk. They are placed in the wings of the vessels; take up but little room; and are not found in the least degree detrimental, even in heavy gales. The water with which they were filled, after having been two years on board, still retained its sweetness and transparency. The two last which were built, very nearly resembled the first. They were named the Netley and the Eling: one of them has 14, the other 12, eighteen-pounders. Those who have sailed in these various vessels, as well as gentlemen well acquainted with naval tactics, agree that they are equally strong with our ordinary ships; that they sail better; and that they are, on the whole, the best sea-boats that swim. They will also ride safely at anchor, in such circumstances as would oblige others to part or at least to slip their cables.

We just mention, that, in preparing to launch the Arrow, the hull of a vessel was found buried a little beneath the surface of the

the earth, about high-water mark. Her width at the floor-heads is sixteen feet. She is clinker-built, like a cutter, and, from the appearance of those parts which can be seen, would measure at least 100 tons. The plank and timber are perfectly sound, but the iron is totally decayed. How many ages she may have lain there, and how she was first placed in so remarkable a situation, it is impossible for us to determine. Ships were certainly built at Redbridge a great number of years ago; since we learn, from the first report of New Forest, that the timber cut there was equally sold to the ship-builders of Southampton, Lymington, and Redbridge. Whether, however, any convulsion of nature, or any very great change in the river, may have taken place in distant times, and thus contributed to fix this ancient vessel in the situation where she was found, is a question which we shall not enter upon. We have merely stated the fact; and we will leave the comment on it to those of our readers who may possess greater discernment, or better means of information, than ourselves.

Crossing

Crossing the bridge, part of which has stood a great number of years, we soon reach the village of *Totton* (anciently *Totintone*); in the middle of which our road turns to the left, and carries us through *Rumbridge* to *Hound's-down*, an extensive open piece of country, which probably received its name from the advantage it affords the hound in the chase. From the top of *Hound's-down* hill, the prospect is wide and sweeping. At a short distance from the foot of this hill, we enter *New Forest*.* At about two miles from *Lyndhurst*, not far from the road, on the right, stands *Iron's-hill lodge*, the habitation of one of the forest-keepers.

It may not be amiss, in this place, for the information of our readers, to introduce an account of the government of the forest.

“New Forest is divided into nine bailiwicks, which comprise fourteen walks. Each

* “The large and variegated district called New Forest, contains no less than 92,365 superficial acres. Previous, however, to the disafforestations by Henry III., its limits were still more extensive; the length being nearly thirty-four miles, from south-east to north-west, and the circumference upwards of ninety miles.”—Vide *Southampton Guide*, published by T. Baker.

of these bailiwicks is under the care of a master-keeper, appointed by the lord-warden of the forest. They have deputies under them, styled groom-keepers; whose duty it is to preserve the vert and venison within their respective walks. Besides these, the concerns of New Forest are regulated by the following officers:

“The Lord-warden; appointed by letters patent under the great seal, during the king’s pleasure.

“The Lieutenant of the forest; an office which has been for some time vacant.

“The Riding-officer; who, in case of his Majesty’s visiting the forest, is to ride before him. It is a patent place, and nets 424l. 16s. annually.

“The Bow-bearer; whose office is to attend the king while in the forest, with a bow and arrows. His salary is 40s. per annum, and a fee buck and doe.

“The Rangers are appointed by the lord-warden, to keep the deer within the bounds of the forest. Their salary is 14l. per annum;

num ; 4l. in lieu of an ancient allowance of wood ; and a fee buck and doe.

“The Woodward’s duty (now performed by deputy) is to attend on the affigning of wood for fuel ; to take charge of windfal trees, &c. His salary is 200l. per annum ; 50l. a year to his deputy ; and perquisites to the amount of 10l. more. He is appointed by letters patent, during his Majesty’s pleasure.

“The Verderers’ office is a very ancient one. They are the judges of the sweinmote and attachment courts, and are chosen by the freeholders of the county. They receive no recompence for their trouble, but a fee buck and doe, yearly.

“The High-steward has a deputy called the Under-steward, who transacts the business of the courts.

“The Regarders, of whom there are twelve, are chosen by the freeholders of the county. They are to attend the marking of all timber to be felled in the forest. They have no annual salary, but an allowance of 2s. 6d. per day when on duty.

“The

"The forest courts are of very high antiquity, originating in the Anglo-Saxon age. There were formerly four of them; the court of attachment, woodmote, or forty days' court; the court of regard; the court of sweinmote; the court of justice-feat. The disuse, however, of forest laws, and our gradual improvement in judicial processes, have occasioned these courts to be neglected; so that the only one now holden is the sweinmote, which sits twice or thrice in every year."*

Lyndhurst, which we next reach, is a place of considerable antiquity, as it occurs in Domes-day Book, under the name of Linhest; where we also find that it existed prior to the Conqueror's survey. Here did those of our monarchs, who were fond of the chase, hold their rural court in the hunting-season. A large square building, in the middle of the village, with a turret at each corner, was formerly used as the king's stables;

* Southampton Guide, chap. vi.

but

but the circumstances of the times have lately converted it into a military barrack.

Lyndhurst may be considered as the capital of New Forest. The forest courts are held here; and here stands the principal lodge, now called the king's house, which is the residence of the lord-warden. This building is not very old, though it may probably occupy the site of an ancient hunting-palace. His present Majesty resided here during nearly a week, in June, 1789; being the first royal visitor that Lyndhurst had seen, since the time of King Charles II.

About the middle of the village stands *Northerwood*, the seat of C. W. Michel, esq. The house was built by the late Robert Ballard, esq., of Southampton. From its high situation, it commands an extensive forest view.

Near this, on the left of the road leading to Christchurch, is *Cuffnells*, the seat of George Rose, esq., secretary to the treasury. This gentleman has greatly improved the house and grounds, since they have been in
his

his possession. The apartments are very elegant. That which contains the library is a handsome, well-proportioned room, twenty-five feet long, and sixteen feet wide: the height of it is also sixteen feet, and the ceiling is coved. The collection of books is large, and extremely valuable.

Mr. Rose appears to be an advocate for the employment of oxen in husbandry. He sets the Hampshire farmers an example, by keeping a fine team of them. And they have even exhibited their speed in the "rapid race," on Lyndhurst course, more than once, with no small degree of credit to themselves, and of diversion to the spectators.

We now pursue the road to Lymington, which is about eight miles from Lyndhurst. Soon after quitting that village, we pass, on the right, *Fox-leaze*, the seat of Isaac Pickering, esq. The situation is in a bottom, so that the views are confined to the surrounding forest.

Proceeding through a beautiful forest-road, we next see, on our right, about the

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sixth mile-stone, *New-park*, a spacious inclosure, four miles in circumference. It was first used to secure stray cattle, forfeited to the lord-warden of New Forest; but, in the year 1670, Charles II. set it apart for the reception of a particular herd of red deer, which he had procured from France. It is now converted to the infinitely more beneficial purposes of a farm.

In less than two miles we arrive at *Brockenhurst*, a pleasant village, lying in a vale, adorned with very engaging rural scenery. The view from the church-yard is fine, as well as extensive. Brockenhurst is a very ancient village. It occurs in Domes-day Book, where its church is also mentioned; which, most probably, is the very building used at this day for parochial worship. Two venerable neighbours in the church-yard attract our notice,—a noble oak, twenty-five feet in girth; and a stately yew, fifteen feet in girth, and upwards of sixty feet high.

A little

A little out of the road, on the left, adjoining the church, we see *Brockenhurst-house*, the seat of Edward Morant Gale, esq. The forest view which it commands is very grand, and in the highest style of picturesque beauty. *Watcombe-house*, situated in the same park, claims our notice, on account of the worthy character who once inhabited it,—no less a person than Howard the Philanthropist. It was soon after his second marriage that he settled here, anno 1759. During his three years' residence at Brockenhurst, his bounty and his amiable disposition so endeared him to his poor neighbours, that to this day they mention him with grateful veneration. But a star so beneficent was not to be confined to the narrow horizon of Brockenhurst. Soon after quitting this village, he entered upon those plans of extensive benevolence, which have ranked him high among the names that Britain is proud to own;—plans, in the execution of which (to adopt the just and animated eulogy of the energetic Burke) “he visited all Europe, and

the East,—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals, nor to collate manuscripts;—but to dive into the depth of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and of pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend to the neglected; to visit the forsaken; and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan was original; and it was as full of genius as it was of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery,—a circumnavigation of charity; and already the benefit of his labour is felt more or less in every country.”

The following singular tenure, by which the manor of Brockenhurst was held, about the middle of the twelfth century, will doubtless amuse our readers; accustomed

as.

as we now are, almost down to the very lowest of us, to comforts and luxuries, with which even our monarchs, a few hundred years back, were but little acquainted :

“ Peter Spileman held of the King one carucate of land in Brockenhurst; by the scarjanty of finding an esquire, with a hambergell, or coat of mail, for forty days in England; and of finding *litter* for the King's bed, and hay for the King's palfry, when the King should lie at Brockenhurst.†

Leaving Brockenhurst, in about two miles we pass through *Batramsfley*, which has nothing to detain us. A mile further, just out of the road, on the right, are the traces of a Roman camp, now known by the name of *Buckland Rings, or Castle Field*. Its form is that of a long square, rather rounded at the corners, according to the Roman mode of encamping; the area of which is about 200 paces in length, and 170 in breadth. The works are all entire, except the front

* Warner's Topographical Remarks relating to the South-Western Parts of Hampshire, vol. I. p. 99.

towards the river, which was demolished, half a century ago, by a farmer, for the purpose of enlarging his field. It was defended by three ramparts, and as many ditches. The ramparts seem to have been about 20 feet high.——An artificial mound of earth, raised on the eastern side of Lymington river, exactly opposite that town, was very probably the site of a watch-tower, connected with the work we have been describing. The Romans had always stations of this kind near their regular encampments; and this situation seems very well adapted, being exceedingly elevated, and commanding an extensive view of the channel and neighbouring country. It is now called Mount Pleasant.

Suetonius tells us, that Vespasian, under the emperor Claudius, was the first Roman who reduced the Isle of Wight, and the maritime places in the south-western parts of this kingdom.* Hence we are led to conjecture, that these earth-works were

* Sueton. de Vit. Vesp. cap. iv. et v.

raised

raised by that general, to defend, from the attacks of the enemy, the Roman fleet, which might be stationed in Lymington river, during the time he was employed in reducing this part of Britain to the control of Claudius.

We now return to the turnpike-road, which, in about a mile, brings us to the town of *Lymington*.

Lymington, situated about a mile from the channel which separates England from the Isle of Wight (though the circuitous course of its river seems considerably to increase the distance), is a neat little watering-place. Seated on the brow and declivity of a gentle hill, it is constantly free from filth and humidity; and being elevated above the reach of noxious damps, as well as frequently enjoying the salutary sea-breeze, its air is seldom impregnated with fogs or vapours of any kind. The town consists of one long regular street, which is steep and spacious. The buildings which compose it are in general neat and decent; and some of its shops display a modern and fashionable taste.

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taste. The houses, especially on the side of the street nearest the coast, have views, from their windows and gardens, of the Isle of Wight and the sea.

The bottom of the town is washed by an arm of the channel which separates the Isle of Wight from the coast of Hampshire. This, when the tide is at its height, presents to the eye a beautiful and extensive sheet of water. Ships of between two and three hundred tons burthen can commodiously lie within a few feet of its quay; but, should the mud continue to accumulate, as it has done within these last sixty years, it seems probable that the channel will not much longer admit them. It is but about half a century ago, that vessels of 500 tons and upwards could conveniently discharge their lading at Lymington quay. A causeway, thrown across the river, to the north of the town, about fifty years since, appears to have occasioned this very unfavourable circumstance. The intention in forming it was to keep out the sea-water from the meadows above; but this purpose is not fully answered;

swered; and, by hindering the free current, it prevents the freshes from carrying off the filth which the tide deposite; and it has thus very greatly narrowed, as well as lessened the depth of the channel.

Considered in a commercial light, Lymington has little to boast. Its imports consist chiefly of coals, brought from the northern counties; and its foreign exports are confined to salt alone. Its only manufacture likewise, of any consequence, is salt; of which various kinds, both culinary and medicinal, equally esteemed and excellent, are made at the works contiguous to the town. This manufacture appears to be of very considerable antiquity. Camden cites a passage from St. Ambrose, wherein he conceives him to be speaking of this sea-salt;* which (if so) proves it to have been in some manner produced in these parts, upwards of fourteen hundred years ago. However this may be, it is certain that, in the year 1147, a tithe of the Lymington salt was given to

* Camden's Britan. Hamp. p. 123, Gibson's edit.

the monks of Quarr Abbey, in the Isle of Wight.*

The superiority of this salt, to that made in any other part of the kingdom (for the purpose of preserving), had, for a long series of years, rendered Lymington the most considerable place both for the manufactory and sale of this valuable article. About thirty years since, when these salt-works were at their height, it is said that they annually paid into the exchequer, for duty alone, no less a sum than 50,000*l*. Since that time, being greatly underfold by the manufacturers of this commodity in the north and north-western parts of the kingdom† (who

* Vide Warner's Top. Rem. vol. II. appendix, No. I.

† We are sorry to say, that *Liverpool* is one of those ports, whose consequence is at all increased by the depression of the Lymington salt-trade.—When the friend of humanity reflects on the man-degrading traffic, in which that upstart port (raised, in less than a century, from a petty hamlet to its present rank) is so deeply and so pertinaciously engaged, he cannot but regret any circumstance that contributes in the least to its aggrandisement.

"Canst thou (and honour'd with a Christian name!)
Buy what is woman-born, and feel no shame?
Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead
Expedience as a warrant for the deed?"

are

are enabled, by several local advantages, to dispose of it at a much cheaper rate), the works have been, for some time past, rapidly on the decline, and are now apparently verging fast towards annihilation.

The process of making the salt is conducted as follows: The sea-water is first pumped into the salt-pans, which are shallow square pits, dug out of the earth. In these it is exposed to the heat of the sun, till so much of its freshness is evaporated, as to leave it seven times stronger than it was in its natural state. It is next pumped into flat iron pans, eight or nine feet square, and as many inches deep. In these the brine is boiled over a fierce fire, till nothing is left but pure salt. This, after being drained during a proper time in convenient vessels, is fit for use.

Those who visit Lymington for the purpose of sea-bathing, will find it accommodated with two sets of baths; one situated at the bottom of the town, the other at about half a mile from it.

The

The respectable author of *Topographical Remarks on the South-Western Parts of Hampshire*,* who has attentively investigated the antiquities of this neighbourhood, inclines to the opinion, that a British town occupied the site of the present Lymington,† even previous to the invasion of our island by Julius Cæsar; and he considers the many Roman coins, which have, even within the present century, been dug up hereabouts, as furnishing incontestable proofs of the residence of the Romans on this spot. He passes over the early and obscure era of Anglo-Saxon history, with only remarking, that it is highly probable the Britons of the southern part of Hampshire did not relinquish their rights to the Saxons, without

* The Rev. R. Warner; from whose useful and entertaining volumes we with pleasure acknowledge our having derived much information: And to them we would refer those of our readers, who may desire more fully to enter into those subjects, which the nature of the present performance allows us only to glance at.

† Mr. W. deduces the name "Lymington" from certain British and Saxon words, which signify "a town situated on a stream or torrent of water."—*Top. Rem.* pp. 6, 7, notes.

some

some strenuous struggles, nor did they perish altogether unrevenged. This he infers from the numerous tumuli, or barrows, scattered around the neighbourhood of Lymington; "many of which" (he adds) "cover the remains of such of the invaders as fell in the unequal contest between them and the unfortunate Britons."

It does not appear that there is any account of Lymington on record, prior to that in Domes-day Book;* which we pass over, as it would be very little to our purpose to transcribe it. At that time, however, the manor of Lentune (as it is there called) was held by Roger de Yvery, one of those noblemen who shared the dangers of William the Conqueror, in his invasion of England; and one of those, also, who was by no means forgotten in the distribution which the Norman made of his acquisitions. These, indeed, that monarch most profusely dealt out to his associates in arms; even bestowing many

* Vide Warner's Hamp. Ext. from Domes-day, pp. 260, 261,—and Top. Rem. vol. I. p. 12.

hundred manors on some of his barons, who stood highest in his favour.*

Lymington, we have seen, was one of the numerous domains of Earl Roger de Yvery; an incident so creditable to whose discernment in forming his friendships remains extant, that we cannot but gratify the reader by a recital of it.—Earl Roger, and another noble Norman, Robert Doily, were soldiers of fortune in the Conqueror's army. In a compact of the strongest friendship they vowed to each other, equally to divide whatever possessions might fall to the lot of either, should the enterprise they were engaged in prove successful. Accordingly, after the conquest, when William rewarded the services of his followers, these noble

* Fuller (in his Church-History) speaking of the state of England immediately after the conquest, bespeaks his reader's pity for those poor Englishmen, who were to find free quarter for all these French. "Some" (says he) "fought; some fled; but most betook themselves to patience; which taught many a noble hand to work, foot to travel, tongue to intreat; even thanking them for their courtesy, who were pleased to restore a shiver of their own loaf, which they violently took from them."—Church-History, p. 171, edit. 1655.

and

and disinterested friends honourably fulfilled their mutual engagements. Indeed, the generous spirit of Robert Doily, into whose hands very ample estates had devolved, in consequence of his marrying into a noble and wealthy family, induced him as fully to divide these last acquisitions with his friend, as if *they* also had been equally subject to the terms of their agreement.—A shining instance this, of greatness and liberality of mind, unfettered by those trammels of parchment and wax, and those tedious formulæ of legal caution, which are so highly necessary to restrain and to obligate the base, the evasive, and the fraudulent.

A son of Earl Roger, of the same name with himself, succeeded to his father's possessions. But, on the death of the Conqueror, in the contest that took place between William Rufus and his brother Robert, this nobleman, being connected with the unsuccessful party, and being obliged to quit the kingdom, in consequence of their defeat, — Lymington, with all his other estates, was forfeited to the crown.

After this, it continued to be a part of the royal demesne, till the time of Henry I.; who gave it, with many other valuable territories, to Richard de Redvers, as a recompense for his steady attachment and faithful services. This baron appears to have paid attention to its trade, both by importing foreign wines, and encouraging its salt-works; a tithe of which he granted to God and the church of St. Mary de Quarre (in the Isle of Wight), for the salvation of his mother Adeliza, himself, and all his ancestors.*

* Vide Top. Rem. vol. II. append. No. I.—The terms of this grant (which are literally copied, and which, indeed, are no more than the accustomed phraseology of the many conveyances of this kind) may well excite the pity and the indignation of the reader, at the blind superstition of even the highest class of society in those benighted times.—Man attempting to bring his Maker under an obligation, and to bribe, with a morsel of his earthly pittance, the Author and Proprietor of the fulness of all worlds; was no phenomenon in the monstrous days of corrupt and antichristian Rome. Well may we hail the glorious day-star of the reformation, which majestically arose on the horizon of Britain, and, beaming forth with all the irresistible brightness and commanding radiance of energetic truth, dissipated those dense and torpifying mists of ignorance and error, which the base and designing priesthood of the day, “deceiving, and being deceived,” found it so much their interest to raise and to encourage.

In

In the possession of this family, Lymington remained till about the year 1293; when Edward III. purchased it, among her other valuable domains, of Isabella de Fortibus, the heiress of the De Redvers family. A few years after, however, it appears to have been the property of Hugh Courtnay, Baron of Oakhampton, in the county of Devonshire; to whose heirs it most probably regularly descended, till the conviction of Henry Courtnay, Earl of Devon, of high treason, in the year 1538, when his estates were forfeited to Henry VIII.

Lymington was a borough in the reign of Edward III. It first sent members to parliament in the twenty-seventh year of Elizabeth, anno 1584; but its incorporation by charter took place so lately as the reign of James I.—The right of electing members for its representation in parliament, is vested in the mayor and burgessees. This, however, was disputed, about the beginning of the present century, by the commonalty of the town; who insisted on a joint right, and

backed their pretensions by electing two members, different from those whom the corporation had returned. The affair was referred to a committee of the House of Commons; which, having investigated their respective claims with accuracy and attention, decided in favour of the mayor and burgesſes.

Tradition informs us (but we can diſcover nothing on record to countenance it), that Lymington has been, at three different periods, fired and pillaged by the French. From the ſame ſource, alſo, we derive the following amusing anecdote: In the reign of James II., many of the principal people of Lymington and its neighbourhood, alarmed, it is probable, at the increaſing tyranny of the king, and his very viſible attachment to popery, favoured the cauſe of the Duke of Monmouth. They frequently held ſecret meetings at the houſe of a Mrs. Knapton. At one of theſe, while buſily engaged in deliberation, over their tobacco and beer (according to the faſhion of the times), they
backed
were

were suddenly disturbed by the information, that a party was at that moment in search of them. Our ingenious female, with admirable presence of mind, instantly dismissed her visitors at the back windows, threw away their pipes, concealed the drinking-vessels; and, to prevent any suspicion from the remaining smell of the tobacco, she wrapped up her face in a flannel, and began smoking. When the officers entered the room, in full expectation of securing the company, their surprise may be easily conceived, at finding nobody there but an old woman, who appeared to be suffering the torment of the tooth-ach; to remedy which she was making use of tobacco. Mrs. Knapton found her scheme prove successful, and had the satisfaction of delivering her friends from the danger that threatened them, by this ready and well-timed stratagem;—a deliverance of no light estimation, to those who knew the vindictive and unforgiving temper of the arbitrary James, and the cruel injustice of his sanguinary agent, the detestable Judge Jeffreys.

There

There is reason to believe that the ancient church of Lymington stood to the north of the present town, on the right of that part of the turnpike-road which is called Broad-lane. The oldest part of the existing church does not appear to exceed the time of Henry VI. ; but there is nothing in it to detain either the antiquary or the traveller ; if we except a curious notice in the register for the year 1736, which runs as follows : “ Samuel Baldwyn, Esquire, sojourner in this parish, was *immerfed*, without the needles, in Scratcher’s Bay, fans ceremonie, May 20th.” This singular mode of burial was adopted pursuant to his own desire ; the motive of which was to prevent his wife from *dancing over his grave*, which she had frequently threatened, in the moments of passion, that she would certainly do, if she outlived her husband.

It is rather remarkable, that a town so populous and extensive, as that we are now considering, should be nothing more than a *curacy*, dependent on a place of very inferior

ferior consequence ; which is literally the case. From time immemorial, Boldre, a small village, about two miles from hence, has been its mother-church, and in the vicar of that place the right of nomination to this curacy is vested.

It has been erroneously supposed by many people, that Cardinal Wolsey was once minister of this town ; which is, however, a mistake, originating from a similarity of names. The Lymmington of which that remarkable character was rector, is a place near Ilchester, in Somersetshire ; where it appears that he was once actually punished with confinement in the *stocks*, for some irregularity he had been guilty of.*

* Shakespeare introduces one of his characters thus justly reproving a profligate priest :

“ You should be as salt,
To season others with good document ;—
Your lives as lamps, to give the people light ;—
As shepherds, not as wolves, to spoil the flock.”

SECTION

SECTION II.

*Road from Lymington to Christchurch; with
a Return through New Forest.*

THE next road we intend describing, is that from Lymington to Christchurch;—a distance of twelve miles.

Soon after quitting Lymington, we pass, on the right, *Priestlands*,—a very pleasant residence. It commands a beautiful view of the valley in front, and of the Isle of Wight in the distance. The intervening channel, from the situation of the country, has the appearance of a noble lake.

In about two miles further, if the traveller be disposed to visit *Hurst Castle*, he must turn off, on the left, into the road leading to *Millford*. This village is so named from a mill, which Domes-day Book informs us it had, so far back at least as the days of the Conqueror.

Hurst

Hurst Castle stands near the end of a singular tongue of land, which runs two miles into the sea, and leaves but a narrow channel between it and the Isle of Wight, being scarcely a mile over. This little peninsula, at high water, is not more than 200 yards in breadth. The castle is of stone, and was built by Henry VIII., about the year 1539, at the same time that he fortified the sea-coast with many similar erections. It consists of a round tower, fortified by semi-circular bastions. A small garrison is usually kept in it. The apartments are still shown, in which Charles I. was confined, after his removal from Carisbrook, in the Isle of Wight. He was here about three weeks.

A Mr. Atkinson also, a popish priest, suffered an imprisonment of 30 years in this castle, for exercising his office in England, contrary to law. He was placed here anno 1699. He bore his long and tedious confinement with remarkable patience, till death at length released him, in the 74th year of his age.

The

The severity of our statutes against the papists, has been frequently condemned. But though they existed, and might have been put in execution, we believe that such instances, as this of Mr. Atkinson, are extremely rare. A very intelligent commentator on English law, thought them rather to be accounted for from their history, and the urgency of the times which produced them, than to be approved (upon a cool review) as a standing system of law. The various and the multiform plots, machinations, intrigues, and treasons of these misguided people, from the very beginning of the Reformation down to the middle of the present century, might well keep the legislature jealously watchful over their dangerous political doctrines. But the power and the popularity of the Roman-catholic superstition have so greatly declined of late, that the present age has seen fit to mitigate the rigour of these statutes. Such a period Blackstone foresaw; and such a proceeding he approved. "If," said he, "a time should ever arrive, and perhaps it is not very distant, when

when all fears of a pretender shall have vanished, and the power and influence of the pope shall become feeble, ridiculous, and despicable, not only in England, but in every kingdom of Europe, it probably would not then be amiss to review and soften these rigorous edicts; at least till the *civil* principles of the Roman-catholics called again upon the legislature to renew them.”*

From Hurst beach is to be seen, at times, an island (if it may be so denominated) called *the Shingles*. Sometimes it is 15 or 20 feet above the water; at other times, entirely out of sight. Sometimes it rises nearer the Isle of Wight; at other times, nearer the Hampshire coast. It consists of a very extensive bank of loose pebbles, so near the surface, that the force of the tides and currents drives it from one side to the other, according to the direction in which they prevail.

If the traveller has visited Hurst, we would advise him to join the Christchurch

* Blackstone's Commentaries, book iv. chap. 4.

road again, by passing through *Hordle*. Here we see *Rook-cliff* and *Hordle-cliff* seats, which command fine prospects. *Hordle* church is remarkable only for its age,—being mentioned in Domes-day Book : and it is probably as old as the time of Edward the Confessor.

After re-entering the high road, we soon arrive at the village of *Milton*. It is a small place, and has an old church.—About two miles further, on the left, is *High-cliff*, which is now little more than a spacious inclosure ;—the noble mansion of the late Lord Bute, which used to stand here, having been taken down, on account of the danger of the situation, from the inroads which the sea is perpetually making on the cliff. The land springs, like a secret enemy, gradually undermine it ; while the sea, a more open foe, violently storms it in front. Their joint attacks frequently produce a *founder*, as it is here called ; when large masses of the cliff fall from its sides on the shore beneath. These, forming a bank, for a time secure the land from the assaults of the tide ; but, as they

they are gradually washed away, it again beats against the cliff, and brings down another mass of ruin.—Within these last five-and-twenty years, the sea has gained, on some parts of this coast, nearly a quarter of a mile.*

Nearly opposite High-cliff, on the right, at some distance, we see *Belvidere*, a neat and pleasant mansion, the seat of Sir William Fordyce.

A mile and half further, on the left, a road turns down to *Somerford Grange*; which, perhaps, the antiquary may be disposed to visit; as it was formerly a farm belonging to Christchurch Priory. It consists of a ruined brick house, apparently not older than the time of Charles I., but probably erected on the site of a more ancient building. At the east end of this house is an

* Various kinds of fossil shells are found in this cliff. The late Gustavus Brander, esq., of Christchurch, presented a collection of them to the British Museum. He also published, in the year 1766, an account of them, with plates, under the title of *Fossilia Hantoniensia*. They are found about 14 or 15 feet below the surface; and may be extricated, with some little difficulty, by means of a trowel.

ancient chapel; which, by the initials J. D. cut on a square stone window-block, seems to have been built by John Draper, one of the priors of Christchurch monastery. The roof of this chapel is handsomely arched with wood; the building itself is of stone; in it is a receptacle for holy water.*

We continue our road about a mile further, over a very pleasant flat country,—and arrive at the town of *Christchurch*.

Christchurch (or Christchurch-Twyneham, its more ancient name) is a place of great antiquity. It is situated a little above the confluence of the rivers Avon and Stour,† about a mile and half from the sea. Though fashion has not made it a watering-place, and though it possesses none of the recommendations of modern dissipation, it

* Vide Grose's Antiquities; where is also a plate of this building.

† The river Avon rises in Wiltshire; washes the town of Fordingbridge; forms a considerable sheet of water at Ringwood; and thence flows down, sometimes in a single, and sometimes in a divided stream, to its junction with the Stour:—which has its source in Dorsetshire; passes through the town of Blandford; and at length falls into the sea below Christchurch.

is by no means unworthy a visit from the traveller or the antiquary. Neatly paved streets and elegant mansions it cannot boast of;—it has, however, what pleases far beyond these,—an engaging combination of scenes.

Its principal trade consists of the manufacture of knit stockings and gloves; which furnishes business for a number of poor people. There is also a manufactory of those curious little chains which are used in the formation of watches; at which children are employed.—The borough sends two members to parliament; who are elected by the corporation.

Among the first objects that attract a stranger's attention, on his entering the town, is a beautiful ruin, at a small distance from the street, on the left,—the remains of a stone building, measuring about 70 feet in length, and 30 feet in breadth. That skilful antiquary Mr. Grose is of opinion, that it belonged to Christchurch Castle, and might have been the state apartment of the constable or governor.

About a hundred yards to the westward of these ruins, on a large mount, evidently raised for the purpose, stand the remains of a keep, or citadel, belonging to Christchurch Castle. These buildings were usually placed in the centre of the respective fortresses to which they appertained; and were intended for the last resource of the garrison, after they had been dislodged from every other part. As they were places of such importance, we may suppose due care was taken to render them as capable of resisting the enemy's attacks as possible; and accordingly we find such as remain to our days, to have been buildings of prodigious strength; to which indeed they owe their present existence; for the keeps still continue of many castles, whose other fortifications have long since been levelled with the dust.

The keep of Christchurch Castle was of this description, and was calculated for duration as well as for resistance; the walls being more than ten feet thick. Its height cannot well be ascertained, as the joint assaults of time and weather have evidently lowered

lowered it considerably. The mount on which it stands is at present called Castle-hill; a name which marks its former use and consequence. The time when, and the person by whom, this castle was erected, are particulars altogether uncertain; though there is some reason, from the stile of architecture which may be traced in its ruins, and from other circumstances, to suppose that its date may be some time in the twelfth century.

The next object of the stranger's notice will probably be the church, from which the town receives its present name. This venerable building formerly belonged to the priory, of which we shall speak hereafter. Mr. Warner, who has attentively examined the church, thinks that the earlier parts were erected by Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, who also built the priory, in the time of William Rufus.*

The total length of this church is 311 feet; and its breadth, at the western ex-

* Warner's Top. Rem. vol. II. p. 138.

trémity,

tremity, 60 feet. The tower, which is a maffy fquare fabric, meafures, from the top of the parapet to the ground, 120 feet; and is about 20 feet fquare. Half-way up the tower, on the outside, under a Gothic niche, ftands an image of the Redcemer, wearing a crown of thorns; having the right hand raifed, as if to give a bleffing, and holding a crofs in the left. Under this image is a large Gothic window, nearly 30 feet high. The tower has alfo a ring of eight bells; and a fet of chimes, which play regularly every four hours. The profpect from the top of it is delightful. The neighbouring flat country, for a confiderable diftance, lies beneath the eye; and the plains and the meadows around are beautified and enlivened by the windings of the Avon and Stour, gently flowing towards the fea; which opens in a vaft expanfe between the Ifle of Wight and the extremity of Purbeck, and forms a ftriking contrast to the cultivated fields, and the meadows fmiling with plenty.

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The principal entrance into the church is through a large porch, at the south-western extremity.—At the west end of the nave, on the right, is part of a very ancient font, evidently of the fabrication of those times when infants were baptized by immersion.

In the northern semi-transept are two little chantries,* or oratories, adjoining each other, and apparently of the same age. The arms of the Earls of Salisbury, which appear in different parts, seem to prove their having been erected by some of that family. In the chantry nearest the north-east aisle, is an ancient flat monument; on which lie the full-length figures of a knight and his lady;—he in complete armour, having a collar of SS. round his neck, and spurs at his heels; his feet resting on the body of a lion:—the lady is dressed in the fashion of the fifteenth century. No inscription remains, to inform

* A chantry was a little chapel, or particular altar, in some church, endowed with lands or other revenues, for the maintenance of one or more priests, daily to sing mass, &c., for the souls of the founders, and such others as they appointed.—Rapin's History of England, vol. II. p. 10, note 6. second edition.

us who they were; though tradition has given them the name of Chiddick.

The chancel, or choir,* next comes to be considered. Revolving centuries have done but little injury to its strong oaken wainscot, which is curiously carved. On each side of the choir are fifteen ancient stalls, and six at the west end; two of which, on each side of

* Bishop Sparrow, in his *Rationale* upon the Book of Common Prayer, tells us, that "the church of old was parted into two parts; the *nave*, or body of the church; and the *chancel*. The nave was common to all the people that were accounted worthy to join in the church's service; the chancel was proper and peculiar to the priests and sacred persons."

Our author also quotes, from an old writer, a most quaint and fanciful interpretation of this mystical and unscriptural mode of separating the priests from the people.—"The whole church," says he, "is a type of heaven. The nave represents the lowest heaven, or paradise; the lights shining aloft represent the bright stars; the circling roof, the firmament; the priests within the choir, or chancel, beginning the divine hymns, represent the first order of angels that stand before God; the deacons, with the readers and singers orderly succeeding, the middle order or choir of heaven. The whole company of true believers, joining with the priests and deacons in heart and affection, saying Amen to the divine hymns and prayers, and so inviting and alluring the mercy of God, resemble the lowest rank of angels. Thus the whole church typifies heaven; but the chancel, parted and separated from the nave, so as that it cannot be seen into by those that are there, typifies the invisible heaven, or things above the heaven, not to be seen by the eye of flesh."—This fantastic solution of a popish enigma shows us how easy it is, for a man of invention, to metamorphose, by a dexterous juggle, a palpable absurdity into a plausible mystery.

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the entrance, have carved canopies. That on the right was the seat of the prior; the other, of the sub-prior; and a third, of the same kind, at the east end of the south row, was the seat of the reader of the priory. Below the stalls are as many armed seats; and under the benches of both the seats and stalls, which turn up, are several strange and ludicrous carved figures, very ill adapted to the situation which they occupy; such as a fox, with a cock for his clerk, preaching to a congregation of geese; an enormously fat baboon, with a cowl on his head, reclining on a pillow; a rat, eating up a mess of porridge from a zany, while his back is turned, &c. &c.*

At the east end of this chancel is the high altar, to which we ascend by four steps; on the uppermost of which is a flat monumental stone, inscribed to the memory

* These unseemly decorations originated in the enmity which the *monks* bore the *friars*; these last having been instituted, in the thirteenth century, as a check upon the vices and a spur to the indolence of the former; who thus took an opportunity of gratifying their malevolence, by *caricaturing* the *friars*, under these uncouth emblems.

of Baldwin de Redvers, one of the lords of the Isle of Wight, who died Sept. 1, 1216. Under this stone and the high altar is a subterraneous chapel, supposed to have been formed as a burying-place for the De Redvers family.

The altar-piece is highly curious, and coeval, in Mr. Warner's opinion, with Flambard, the founder of the priory and church. We cannot do better than give the description of this ancient piece of sculpture in that gentleman's own words.—“The lower compartment of the altar has three figures, in as many separate niches:—the one on the left hand is David playing on a harp; that on the right is Solomon, sitting in a musing attitude, to denote his wisdom; in the middle is Jesse, in a recumbent posture, and supporting his head with his right hand. From his loins springs the stem of a tree, crowned with foliage, which supports a piece of sculpture, representing the nativity of Christ. Here we see the Virgin seated, with the infant Jesus in her lap; to whom one of the wise men is offering a cup, with a
lid

lid to it, like a plain tankard. Behind him stand two of his companions, with gifts in their hands also; while Joseph is to be seen on the left, in a posture of admiration. Above the virgin, the projecting heads of an ox and ass point out the circumstance of our Lord's birth-place. These are again surmounted by shepherds and sheep, in high relief; the former looking upwards to a group of angels, immediately over whom, God the Father, decorated with wings, extends his arms. Exclusive of these figures (most of which are mutilated), there are two-and-thirty smaller ones; which any one well skilled in the Romish calendar might identify, from the attributes, or emblems, they all individually bear. Nine larger niches are now destitute of the images that formerly ornamented them, though, from the appearance of fastenings which remain, it is evident they were not always empty." *

On the north side of this altar is a curiously beautiful little chapel, built by Margaret,

* Top. Rem. vol. II. pp. 187, 188.

Countess of Salisbury,* for her burying-place. It has two fronts,—one towards the north-east aisle, whence the ascent to it is by a flight of steps,—the other towards the altar, where there is also a door-way. In the centre of its very elegant cieling is a sculptural representation of the Trinity, with the Countess kneeling at the feet of God the Father.† At the east end are the Montacute

* Mother of the famous Cardinal Pole. Fuller tells us that she was governess of our popish Queen Mary, in her infancy. In the year 1539, she, among others, was attainted of treason, for carrying on a correspondence with her son; who, having fallen out with Henry VIII., had fled to the Pope for protection. It was also alledged against her,—“That she forbad all her tenants to have the New Testament in English, or any other new book the king had privileged.” She was not brought to the block, till May 27th, 1540; when she behaved with great firmness, though more than 70 years old.—Vide Lord Herbert’s Life and Reign of Henry VIII., in Kennet’s History of England, pp. 219, 227.—It is not known whether or not she was buried here.

† We cannot forbear quoting the very just observation of an elegant modern writer, on the subject of such representations as this; which too frequently offend the eye in this church.—“All graphical representations of God the Father are to be disapproved; for instead of exalting our idea of the Deity, they lower it. In thinking of God, imagination forms an obscure but grand image of a sublime existence, and the heart adores it; but the hand of the artist at once diminishes its grandeur, and divests it of its glory.”—Knox’s Winter Evenings.—Yet the arbitrary court of Star-Chamber, in the eighth year of Charles I., fined Henry Sherfield, esq., recorder of

cute arms, and under them a representation of the five wounds of Christ. Many of the ornaments of this chapel were defaced at the Reformation.

Behind the high altar is the chapel of the Virgin Mary. It has several confessional recesses, and, at the east end, an altar, above which is some fine carved work. On each side of this altar is a tomb, said to cover the remains of some of the West family, ancestors of the present Lord Delaware; for this chapel appears to have been built by one of the Wests, about the fourteenth century.—Over this chapel is a large room, now set apart for the purposes of a school.

At the end of the south-west aisle of the church, another chapel occurs, over the door of which, we see the representation of a church, cut in stone.—On the north side of the same aisle, is another.—But the last of

of Salisbury, in the sum of 500l., for removing an old church-window; in which the Creator was profanely painted like "a little old man, seeming barefooted, and cloathed in long blew coats," cutting out the world with a pair of compasses; although Mr. Sherfield had replaced the window with a new one.—Vide Rushworth's Collections, vol. II. p. 152—156.

these oratories that we shall mention, is to be found in the north aisle. Within it are a niche for holy water, and some traces of an altar. The cieling is ornamented with white and red roses; so that probably it was erected soon after the union of the rival Houses of York and Lancaster.—There are, besides these, several flat sepulchral stones, scattered over the pavement of the church, which, though they have been carefully scrutinized,* do not appear to yield any thing for the gratification of the curious.

A handsome legacy from the late Gustavus Brander, esq., has procured a fine organ for the church. This gentleman lies interred at the east end of the building, where a large monument is erected to his memory.

We had almost forgotten to detail to our readers, the well-known story of the *miraculous beam*, which is still pointed out in this building, and is called *our Saviour's beam*.—When Flam bard undertook to erect the present church, a stated number of workmen was employed on the occasion; but it was

* Top. Rem. vol. II. p. 198.

remarked, that, during the hours of labour, there was an additional hand; though, at the times of refreshment and receiving wages, the number consisted of such only as were originally hired. The builders, who, we may be sure, had no objection to assistance, from whatever quarter it came, made no silly and impertinent inquiries about the name of this supernumerary, or the country he came from; and the work went on with vigour and alacrity. The fabric was now nearly completed; and one of the principal remaining labours was, to fix a very large beam in a particular part of the building. It was accordingly raised to the intended situation; but alas! when it arrived there, it was found to be too short by a foot.—Any man of common prudence, by the bye, would previously have made an accurate measurement, in order to assure himself of the exact dimensions of his timber:—but particulars of this sort must not be over closely inquired into, in the monkish relation of a miracle.—The workmen, it seems, had raised the beam; it was too

short ; and a longer one, we are told, could not be procured. The case appearing remediless, they retired to their dwellings, undetermined how to act. On the ensuing morning, however, they returned to the church ; but great was their surprise and pleasure, to find the beam, which they had left, the evening before, considerably too short, now placed in its proper situation, and *grown* almost a foot longer than was necessary. The *supernumerary workman* then occurred to their thoughts ; and they agreed it could be no other than the Saviour, who had thus condescended to assist their labour, and lengthen their beam : and on this account, the story would have us believe, the edifice was dedicated to Christ.*

Some pages back, we hinted at Christchurch Priory ;—a few particulars respecting which, we proceed to lay before our readers.

* Fuller, who holds up the miraculous figments of the Romanists to just detection, observes that most of them may be called *conventual* ; “ because,” says he, “ their convents afforded greatest conveniency of contrivance, with more heads and hands to plot and practise therein.”—Church-History, book vi. p. 332.

The small remains of this ancient structure which are still visible, are situated to the west of the church. The late Mr. Brander, who had purchased the site of it, was at considerable pains in endeavouring to ascertain its ichnography.* The very scanty ruins will but little interest the stranger; as they consist only of some fragments of walls, and the porter's lodge, at present a miller's habitation.

From Domes-day Book we learn, that this institution existed in the reign of Edward the Confessor; when, no doubt, it must have been of some standing, as its then possessions are enumerated.† At that time the society consisted of a dean and twenty-four canons.

William Rufus having given the church and convent to Flambard, Bishop of Dur-

* An account of his researches is preserved in the *Archæologia*, or Papers of the Antiquarian Society, vol. IV. p. 118.

† Warner's Hamp. Ext. from Domes-day, pp. 110, 111.

ham,

ham, who had, early in life, been dean here, —that prelate, finding them in a ruinous condition, determined to rebuild them. For this purpose, he took into his hands the prebends allotted for the support of the canons, allowing them a much smaller subsistence. He then proceeded to erect a new church and monastery, which he dedicated to *Christ*; though perhaps a more *unchristian* character than Flambard has seldom filled an episcopal throne. At length, falling under the displeasure of Henry I., his new religious foundation came into the hands of that king; who gave it to Gilbert de Dousgunels. Death soon removed this ecclesiastic; and Henry gave Christchurch Priory, among other large demesnes, to Richard de Redvers. This baron, after increasing its endowments, made Peter de Oglander dean of it,—a rapacious priest, more solicitous for his own gratification, than for the benefit of the community of which he was the head; and who appears to have made a very irregular use of the revenues. These, however, were re-
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stored to their proper purposes after his decease, when Hillarius was put into the office of dean.

About the year 1150, Baldwin de Redvers, heir of the last mentioned baron, procured a change of the order, from *secular* to *regular* canons* of St. Augustine; placing over them one Reginald as prior, and munificently confirming to them a variety of possessions, privileges, and immunities.† The Courtneys, Wests, and Earls of Salisbury,

* "*Secular* canons were so called, because they were conversant in the world, and administered to the laity on all occasions, and took upon themselves the care of souls, which the regulars might not do without a dispensation. They differed very little from the ordinary priests, except that they were under the government of local statutes; for though in some places they were obliged to live together, yet in general this was not the case, most of them living apart, and subsisting on distinct portions, called prebends, nearly in the same manner as the present canons of our cathedrals.—The *regular* canons were such as lived in a conventual manner under one roof, and were bound by vows to observe the rules and statutes of their order."—Grose.

† Richard de Redvers, son of Baldwin, among other additions to their comforts, grants them one salmon every year, on the anniversary of his father's death, and another on that of his own,—“that being recreated thereby,” says he, “they may the more readily and devoutly celebrate the sacred rites for us.”—Top. Rem. append. No. XX.—The baron was possibly aware of their love of good cheer; if so, he discovered his discernment in making the bequest.

under

under whose patronage the priory afterwards came, respectively increased its property; which there is no reason to suppose these sluggish monastics made any good use of. Most probably they dreamed away their listless hours, over their breviaries and their beads, in lazy ignorance and stupid superstition (when they were not *worse* employed), blinding the infatuated laity by their hypocritical and gainful arts, burthensome and useless to society,—till the thunder of the Reformation rung in their ears, and scowled tremendously around them.

This monastery was suppressed in the year 1539; when its yearly revenues were valued at 317l. 7s. 9d., according to Dugdale,—544l. 6s., according to Speed. Two years after, Henry VIII. granted the church and burying-ground to the churchwardens and inhabitants of the town for ever.

Having thus glanced at the ancient history of the church and priory, we have only to detain the reader with a concise account of the town of Christchurch. Some earth-works of the Romans, in the near
neigh-

neighbourhood, seem to make it evident that they were acquainted with this situation; but there is no account of it to be met with, earlier than that of the Saxon Chronicle, where it is called Tweonea.*

In tracing back the rugged and almost obliterated paths of early history, we too frequently find, that the heaped-up bodies of the slain, are almost our only waymarks. Thus the first recorded notice of this ancient place, invites not our attention by any recital of the state of its commerce, or the progress of its agriculture, or the civilization of its inhabitants. On the contrary, it furnishes additional proof of that very conspicuous and most savage trait in the character of man,—a mad and fearless passion for revenge; producing all the calamities and atrocities of *war*. So rooted in his corrupt nature is this hateful disposition, that many a time, when a placable and conciliatory conduct would have prevented millions of mischiefs,—every comfort and enjoyment have been given up; and life,

* Sax. Chron. p. 100, Gibson's edit.

and

and all that renders life desirable, have been hazarded and sacrificed, in compliance with the delirious dictates of this worst of phrenzies :

“ O'er history's lengthening course
The vein of persevering fury runs ;
And he that reads its pages, rightly calls them
Records of Carnage, Chronicles of Blood.”

In the contest for the succession to the crown, between Edward the Elder and Ethelward, anno 901, it appears that this latter, after having taken the town of Winbourne, hastened to Tweonea, or Christchurch, which he also subdued. But Edward's troops coming upon him, very soon put his little army to flight.—There are still several barrows about this neighbourhood, which may probably cover the remains of some of the victims of this contest.

In Domes-day Book, this borough is described under the name of Thuinam, as one of the King's demesnes. It continued under the crown, till Henry I. gave it to Richard de Redvers, a noble Norman, of whom we have spoken in our account of Lymington.

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In this family it remained, till Isabella de Fortibus sold her valuable possessions, of which Christchurch made a part, to Edward III., anno 1293. This monarch chose to keep the castle in his own power, but granted the borough and manor to Sir William de Montacute, afterwards Earl of Sarum. The various hands it passed through after this period, it would be uninteresting to detail.

This borough first sent members to parliament in 1584, the twenty-seventh year of Elizabeth.

It appears that Christchurch was a favourite situation with Henry VII., who now and then paid it a visit.—Edward VI. also, in the summer of 1552, remained here a few days, in the course of a journey which he took for the establishment of his health, after his recovery from the measles and small pox.—Whatever benefit the young king might have received from this excursion, we soon after find him seriously indisposed; and life was only lent him till July, 1553; when this pious, amiable, and accomplished

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prince cheerfully resigned his soul into his Redeemer's hands; not without some suspicion (his biographer observes) of his having been "ill dealt with more than once; and that, when by the benefit both of his youth and of careful means, there was fair hope of his recovery, he was again more strongly overlaid."—"The king did fall into dangerous extremities; his vital parts were mortally stuffed, which brought him to a difficulty of speech and of breath; his legs swelled, his pulse failed, his skin changed colour, and many other horrid symptoms appeared." *

We must not take leave of Christchurch, without advising the stranger, if weather permit, to walk to the neighbouring cliffs, rather to the west of the town. But it will be advisable to provide a person to conduct him to one of the descents to the shore, which otherwise he may not so easily find out.—Here the high irregular cliffs rise like a massy wall behind him, and shut

* Vide Sir J. Hayward's *Life and Reign of Edward VI.*, in Kennet's *History of England*, p. [327].

out every inland scene. In front, a spacious sweep of sea opens between Freshwater cliffs and the point of Swanwick, as far as the eye can reach ; where, at intervals, the distant vessel, crowding its canvass to reach the coast, gradually advancing nearer, and growing more and more discernible, gives animation to the picture.—It is not that a view of this kind possesses all the varied beauties of land and water, “ dingle, dell, and bosky bourn,” sweetly mixed and flung about in picturesque disorder ; these, undoubtedly, present to the eye a richer and less cloying banquet ;—but, for a change, such a sea-piece as this has a very great relish. Besides, in the calmest weather, the sea, in this place, is never without motion ; and while one strolls along the shore, the billows breaking at one’s feet form a sort of music quite congenial with a contemplative temper.

Sometimes, after very stormy seasons, the cold corpse of the mariner has been thrown on this shore : and it not unfrequently furnishes a haunt for the smuggler, who,

in the hours of nocturnal silence, lands his pernicious * cargo under the cliff, and conveys it, with fraudulent caution, over the vast neighbouring heath, whose little-frequented tracks are so favourable to the concealment of his unlawful traffic.

If the traveller wishes to return to Lymington by a different road from that we have before described, we can point him out a pleasant one through the forest, which will lead him either to Lymington or Lyndhurst, whichever may best suit him.

Quitting Christchurch by the same way as we entered it, we leave our old road on the right, at rather more than a mile and half from the town. About the fourth mile, on the left, is Hinton House, the seat of Sir G. Tapps : and a mile further, on each side of us, are North and East Hinton. We next enter a thick wood, called Rougefwood, and, on quitting it, find

* The benevolent and useful Mr. Jonas Hanway exclaims against *gin* as "*liquid fire*;" and adds,—“I would really propose, that it should be sold only in quart bottles, sealed up with the king's seal, with a very high duty, and none sold without being mixed with a strong emetic.”—Hanway's Eight Days' Journey.

ourselves on the borders of New Forest, which we now enter. On our right is Marlborough Deep. We then pass over Broom Hill, and, at about eight miles, we observe, on the right, Wilverly Inclosure, which is not less than four miles in circumference. At present it has a very barren appearance, as the timber it contains is young, and does not give it any beauty. Indeed, the rabbits, which breed here very fast, have done it no little injury; as they are scarcely more fond of any thing than the young oak, when first sprouting from the acorn. The late Mr. Thomas Nichols, for several years an honest and active servant of the public, in the capacity of Purveyor of the Navy for Portsmouth Dock-yard, laments, in a letter which he published, addressed to Lord Chatham, then at the head of the Admiralty, the present state of this inclosure in particular—"Much," says he, "to the shame and disgrace of those who have had the management of the forest, either from neglect, connivance,

or design, they have suffered many parts of it, and some of the inclosures, to be entirely overrun with rabbits, to such a degree, that there is not the least vestige of timber or plantation to be seen, only the fences, and those in extreme bad condition; particularly Wilverly Inclosure, of about 500 acres of good land, and well situated for the growth of timber, and which has been known to produce trees of very large sizes; but it is impossible there can ever be any more come forward, so long as these destructive vermin are suffered to remain, and their propagation is encouraged by the keepers in the manner it is."—"Several faint attempts," continues he, "have been made to destroy these animals, but I believe they are now more numerous than ever; and so long as it is the interest of the keepers to encourage their increase, and they the only people employed to destroy them, it is not likely that this great evil will very soon be removed."

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We cannot but regret that many of this gentleman's judicious suggestions have met with so little attention. He agrees with the Commissioners of the Land Revenue, in recommending the removal of the deer from this forest; observing that thereby they would be prevented from injuring the young timber; whilst their keepers might be much more usefully employed in taking care of the plantations.

At the corner of this inclosure, our traveller may either ride straight forward to Lyndhurst, or may return to Lymington by turning down to the right;—which latter road we shall consider him as pursuing.

At rather more than a mile down, on the right, we observe a cross-road, which leads to *Wilverly Lodge*. The lodge is situated high, and commands beautiful views of the forest lawns and vallies around it, set off also by the distant appearance of the Isle of Wight.

A mile and half further, we pass over *Blackamsley Hill*, whence we have an extensive

tenfive view of the forest. In little more than two miles after this, we fall into the road from Lyndhurst, which we have before described (page 37), and so reenter Lymington.

SECTION III.

Road from Lymington, through Beaulieu, to Hythe; with Excursions into the adjacent Country, &c.

AS the country between Lymington and Hythe is a very beautiful corner of Hampshire, we now proceed to describe those parts of it, which the stranger will not deem his time lost in visiting.

Quitting Lymington by crossing the causeway over the river, we soon see, on the right, *Walhampton*, the seat of Sir Harry Burrard Neale, bart. The gardens command extensive and pleasing views of the Isle of Wight and the channel.

Through

Through Walhampton, a road strikes down to *Pilewell House*, the seat of Thomas Robbins, esq., situated on the coast. Mr. R.'s flat, extensive, and quiet lawn forms an agreeable contrast to the busy scene of navigation which the channel presents, stretching from the Needles to Spithead.

Adjoining Pilewell is *Baddesley Chapel*, a small building, belonging to the estate; but which is remarkable only for its occupying the site of an ancient preceptory of Knights Templars, founded here about the end of the twelfth century. This order being abolished in 1311, Edward II. granted the preceptory to the Knights Hospitallers of Jerusalem; in whose possession it continued, till that ever-to-be-remembered era, when Divine Providence, making use of an avaricious monarch as his instrument, put an end to every thing of this kind in these favoured kingdoms. It was worth, at the dissolution, 118l. 16s. 7d. per annum.

Between forty and fifty years ago, the phenomenon of *the groaning tree of Baddesley* was

was matter of discourse far and wide through the country. In detailing the history of it, we cannot do better than resort to the account given by a very intelligent gentleman of this neighbourhood.

“A cottager, who lived near the centre of the village, heard frequently a strange noise, behind his house, like that of a person in extreme agony. Soon after, it caught the attention of his wife, who was then confined to her bed. She was a timorous woman, and being greatly alarmed, her husband endeavoured to persuade her, that the noise she heard, was only the bellowing of the stags in the forest. By degrees, however, the neighbours on all sides heard it, and the thing began to be much talked of. It was by this time plainly discovered, that the groaning noise proceeded from an elm, which grew at the end of the garden. It was a young, vigorous tree, and, to all appearance, perfectly sound.

“In a few weeks, the fame of the groaning tree was spread far and wide; and people

ple from all parts flocked to hear it. Among others, it attracted the curiosity of the late Prince and Princess of Wales; who resided, at that time, for the advantage of a sea-bath, at Pilewell.

“Though the country people assigned many superstitious causes for this strange phenomenon, the naturalist could assign no physical one, that was in any degree satisfactory. Some thought it was owing to the twisting and friction of the roots. Others thought it proceeded from water, which had collected in the body of the tree,—or perhaps from pent air. But no cause that was alledged, appeared equal to the effect. In the mean time, the tree did not always groan; sometimes disappointing its visitors: yet no cause could be assigned for its temporary cessations, either from seasons or weather. If any difference was observed, it was thought to groan least, when the weather was wet; and most, when it was clear, and frosty: but the sound at all times seemed to arise from the root.

“Thus

“ Thus the groaning tree continued an object of astonishment, during the space of eighteen or twenty months, to all the country around. At length, the owner of it, a gentleman of the name of Forbes, making too rash an experiment to discover the cause, bored a hole in its trunk. After this it never groaned. It was then rooted up, with a farther view to make a discovery; but still nothing appeared, which led to any investigation of the cause. It was universally, however, believed, that there was no trick in the affair; but that some natural cause really existed, though never understood.”*

Regaining the road we had quitted, we observe *D'Oyly Park*, the seat of Sir John D'Oyly, bart. The house is large and elegant; the principal view from a circular room at the top; which takes in a very extensive and sweeping prospect, both by sea and land.

Just hereabouts, on the left, a road turns up towards *Vicar's Hill*, the residence of the

* Vide Gilpin's Forest Scenery, vol. I. p. 167.

exemplary vicar of Boldre ; whom it would be scarcely pardonable to omit speaking of in this work,—indebted as we have been to his elegant *Remarks on Forest Scenery*.—In so degenerate a day as the present, may we not be permitted to admire a character like this gentleman's ; who, formed with a rare and an exquisite taste, to relish and to describe the picturesque beauties of the mountain, the lake, and the forest, considers not these things “ as the principal employment of his life ;” and who is neither afraid nor ashamed to pronounce him “ happy,” who carries about with him a sense of true religion :—

“ Whom, what he views of beautiful, or grand,
In nature,—from the broad, majestic oak
To the green blade, that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.” *

After saying that Vicar's Hill is the residence of Mr. Gilpin, we need not expatiate on the judgment and the taste with which the grounds are laid out. The views it commands of the forest, Lymington, the

* Vide the motto on the title-page of *Remarks on Forest Scenery*, by the Rev. W. Gilpin.

channel, and the Isle of Wight, are very pleasing.

Pursuing our road, we now cross *Beaulieu Heath*, which gratifies us with many pleasing scenes.—We next enter a close lane, which leads us to the low, but extremely pleasant village of *Beaulieu*. The little river which runs through it, adds to its comforts, as well as to its beauty; being well stocked with fish. Small vessels can come up to *Beaulieu*.—The only manufacture carried on, is that of twine and facking.

The remains of *Beaulieu Abbey* are even now considerable. The abbey walls, which included an area of near twenty acres, are pretty perfect; and, by the ruins of foundations which appear in different parts within them, we are assured its buildings must have been very extensive. The house where the abbot was lodged, is now known by the name of *the palace*; having been fitted up by the predecessor of the late Duke of Montague as a mansion. An old stone gateway, which was the porter's lodge, is still standing. On the front of the dwelling-house

house is a handsome Gothic canopy, with a niche; the figure of the Virgin Mary, which it contained, fell down, it is said, some years ago. The ancient and elegant vaulted hall is almost the only thing worthy of notice within doors. The ill taste of the above-mentioned nobleman, in altering this ancient place, is discernible enough from the fantastic manner in which he has moated and fortified it.

To the east of this building is the ruin of another, which was probably the dormitory * of the monastery. There are several cellars under it: the ancient kitchen is also to be seen: the old refectory, or dining-room of the abbey, now forms the parish-church of the village. It will be worth the stranger's while to look into the church, which has a curious oaken roof; and an ancient pulpit, out of which the

* The monks slept in separate beds, but in the same apartment. They were enjoined to "sleep in their clothes, girt with their girdles." Fuller, who gives us this information, very properly asks, whether slovenliness is any advantage to sanctity. And he jocosely adds,—"This was the way not to make the monks *to lie alone*, but to carry much *company* about them."—Church-History, book vi. p. 289.

reader of the convent (according to their rules) used to edify the monks with some portion of history, or a homily, or sermon, while they sat at their meals; to which they were enjoined to attend, without speaking a word.

This abbey was founded by King John. Monkish writers would fain represent him as impelled to this act of *piety** by a terrifying dream; which, as we are well enough acquainted with their readiness at manufacturing stories of this kind, to serve their own purposes, we have no reason to wonder at.—Whatever was John's motive, it appears that he certainly founded and endowed this abbey, anno 1204; placing therein thirty monks, brought from other Cistercian houses.

Among the privileges which this abbey possessed, was that of *sanctuary*; by which,

* Such actions would some men misname *piety*;—interested priests especially, who were the greatest gainers by it. But we may safely declare, that it bears no affinity to the religion of the Bible; which is founded in gratitude for benefits received; which is the obedience of a son, and not of a slave,—the loyalty of a faithful subject, not the constrained allegiance of an alien; and which cordially complies with that emphatic demand,—“My son, give me thy *heart*.”

any felon, taking refuge in the monastery or its precincts, was sheltered from the arm of justice, and allowed the space of forty days, to escape beyond sea. Whoever was daring enough to molest him during this term, not only drew upon himself the thunder of the church, but incurred the vengeance of the civil magistrate; so that, according to this *sapient* system, the worst of villains might commit his enormities without danger or dread of punishment, provided he did but possess the advantage of a light pair of heels.*

After the battle of Barnet, which gave the death-blow to all the hopes of Henry VI., and fixed Edward IV. on the throne,—Margaret of Anjou, the wife of the deposed

* "Our forefathers," says Camden, "thought it an unpardonable sin, to take from hence the most bloody murderers or traitors. But sure (continues he), when our ancestors did in several parts of England erect these sanctuaries, they seem rather to have followed the example of Romulus, than of Moses; who commanded, that they who were guilty of wilful murder, should be taken from the altar, and put to death: and appointed a city of refuge only for them who should slay a man by chance, without lying in wait for him."—Gibson's Camden, p. 135.—Henry VIII. greatly abridged this privilege of sanctuary, and James I. entirely abolished it.—Vide Blackstone's Commentaries, book III. chap. xxvi.

monarch, with the prince her son, took sanctuary in Beaulieu Abbey, during a short time, anno 1471.*

The famous impostor Perkin Warbeck, in the year 1498, having raised the siege of Exeter, and retired with his army to Taunton, fled from it by night to Beaulieu monastery; where he and several of his company registered themselves sanctuary-men. A large party of horse beset the abbey, to prevent his escape; but Henry VII. was advised against seizing him by violence, lest he should provoke the Pope, as a violator of sanctuaries. He sent to offer Perkin his life, if he would voluntarily surrender himself. Perkin, accepting the terms, was taken to London, and confined in the tower; but being afterwards tried for seditious practices while in imprisonment, he was hanged at Tyburn, Nov. 23, 1499.†

We learn from Speed, that, at the dissolution, in 1538, the yearly revenue of this monastery was 428l. 6s. 8d.

* Rapin's History of England, vol. I. p. 614.

† Rapin, vol. I. pp. 681, 683.

Beaulieu Manor is at present the joint property of Lord Beaulieu and the Duke of Buccleugh; to whom it has descended from Thomas Wriothesly, esq.; who received it as a gift from Henry VIII.,* anno 1539. It is very extensive, being not less than 18 miles in circumference; and contains fine woodlands, and a number of deer, with many valuable farms. It produces about 4000l. a year.

From Beaulieu, the traveller, if he be so disposed, may take a pleasant ride to *Buckler's-hard*, about three miles distant, through a very beautiful road. This is a busy village, from the ship-building carried on here by Mr. Adams; who, during the many years he has been in that business, has added no small number of floating bulwarks to the British navy.

About half a century ago, one of the Dukes of Montague, then proprietor of this

* This monarch most profusely bestowed among his favourites, the property which fell into his hands at the dissolution. It has even been said, that he gave "a religious house of some value to a lady who presented him with a dish of puddings, which pleased his palate."—Fuller's Church-History, book vi. p. 337.

part of the country, projected a town, and laid out the plan of it, at Buckler's-hard. This nobleman having possessions in the island of St. Lucia, in the West Indies, thought he could land his sugars here, and refine them to great advantage, from the privileges he possessed by his property in Beaulieu Manor. But St. Lucia being declared a neutral island, at the peace of 1748, the duke lost his property there; and, in consequence, gave up his scheme.

Should the stranger be inclined to cross Beaulieu river, to *Exbury*, he will find a very beautiful country. *Exbury*, from its name, from some lanes in it, which are called streets, and from the remains of a Roman way in its neighbourhood, appears to be a place of some antiquity; but there are no traces of any ruins.—Col. Mitford's grounds, at this place, are laid out with great taste and judgment; and command delightful views.—We just mention, that, about two miles from *Exbury*, is the village of *Leap*, whence people in this part of the country generally embark for Cowes, in the Isle of Wight.

We

We now return to Beaulieu, and proceed for Hythe. The entrance of our road is very pleasant, but we soon quit it for an uninteresting heath; which brings us, in about four miles, to the beautiful village of *Hythe*. The Saxon name of this place inclines us to give it some antiquity. It has many pretty houses; and is the ferry-port to Southampton, which lies nearly opposite it, on the other side of the bay. The prospects from this place are such as will generally please. They are sweeping and extensive; but, from various delightful situations in the village, they are broken into smaller and very agreeable views.

If our traveller has time and inclination, we would advise him to see the beautiful country between Hythe and Fawley.—The finely wooded road is so enchantingly diversified, that our attention is perpetually engaged by a succession of new and pleasing views.—After passing through the village of *Hardley*, we see, between three and four miles from Hythe, *Cadland*, the seat of Robert Drummond, esq.,—a comfortable
and

and elegant mansion, situated in a fine park, about five miles in circumference. The grounds were laid out by the ingenious Brown; and the views are admirable.

Fawley village, which we soon arrive at, has nothing particularly remarkable. The parish-church stands here. The name of the village occurs in Domes-day Book; where mention is also made of its chapel. Through this place lies the road to *Eaglehurst*, more generally known by the name of *Luttrell's Folly*; which it has obtained from its singular and whimsical appearance, and from having been built by the Hon. Temple Luttrell. It consists of a lofty tower, fronting the sea, comprising the sitting and banqueting rooms; behind these are the offices, detached. The view it commands is very extensive, especially towards the sea; stretching from Southampton Water to Portsmouth,—taking in Spithead and St. Helen's,—and, on the other side, Cowes harbour, and all that range of the island, even beyond the Needles, to the ocean.

About

About a mile from Eaglehurst, on a tongue of land running into Southampton Water, stands *Calshot Castle*, built by Henry VIII., as a safeguard to the bay.—There is nothing remarkable in its construction, nor (that we can find) in its history.

We now return to Hythe, by the same road as we left it.

An excursion on the other side of Hythe, shall close our description of this part of the country. We proceed then for *Dibden*.—A first-rate judge of the picturesque shall describe the road.—“The many inequalities of the ground,” says he, “the profusion of stately trees,—the sheltered inclosures, appearing every where, like beautiful wooded lawns,—the catches, here and there, of the bay,—and, above all, the broad, green, winding lanes, adorned with groups of trees standing out in various parts,—exhibit a wonderful variety of pleasing landscape. I touch (continues he) *general features* only; for, as these woodland scenes are nowhere strongly marked, it is impossible to give any
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particular detail of verbal description. One may say of them, as we sometimes say of a well-written history, which runs into a variety of incidents,—interesting, but not important,—that no just idea of it can be given, without referring to the book itself.”*

Dibden is a small village, with a church. The immense yew tree in the church-yard, ranks, both for age and size, among the fathers of the forest. It is about thirty feet in girth. *Dibden* is exactly opposite Southampton, and commands fine views of that town and its neighbourhood. In Domesday Book, it is called *Depedene*; and thence we learn, that, in the time of William the Conqueror, it had a saltern and a fishery.

Lord Malmesbury, who possesses a large estate in this neighbourhood, has lately set a very laudable example to the proprietors of marsh and mud lands, by inclosing about 140 acres of this kind, on the shore near *Dibden*. The manner in which this has

* Gilpin's Forest Scenery, vol. II. p. 207.

been

been carried into execution, may furnish a useful hint to persons engaging in similar undertakings. In the first instance, a bank had been formed, presenting a perpendicular front to the water; which, thus meeting with a stubborn opposition, gradually demolished the dam, and overflowed the land. This was quite sufficient to show, that a bank of this kind would by no means answer the design of the projectors. After this, the business being put into the hands of Mr. Thomas King, of Eling, the intelligent land-steward of Sir Charles Mill, he very judiciously advised the present slope to be constructed; justly concluding, that it would be better to suffer the water to spend its force in an easy roll, only providing against its entering the land, by the height of the bank. And indeed, to a person of any observation, this mode of inclosing is obviously the best; since we find, that wherever water has any swell, it naturally wears the shore into a sloping form. We are happy to add, that this latter method

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has

has completely succeeded; and that the land is now in a very improving state, promising to yield a produce abundantly superior to the expence of inclosing; and thus giving encouragement to all who are inclined to engage in designs so beneficial to their country.

About four miles further, is *Bury Farm*, the property of Sir Charles Mill, bart. The manor is held by an ancient grant of the crown, on condition of its possessor's presenting to the reigning monarch, on his entering New Forest, a pair of white grey-hounds. This custom was observed when his present Majesty visited New Forest, in the year 1789; and the late Rev. Sir Charles Mill presented them to him, on the King's alighting from his carriage at Lyndhurst. The family still preserves a breed of these animals, for this purpose.

When the present house was built, on the site of the ancient family mansion at Bury,—in removing the former building, and digging the foundations of the new one,

a con-

a considerable number of Roman coins were discovered ; which are still in the possession of Sir C. Mill.

In about a mile, we arrive at *Eling*,—a considerable village, with a corn trade. The view from the church-yard, at full tide, of Southampton Water and its fine sloping banks, with the town of Southampton in front, is extensive, and very pleasing. There is nothing remarkable in the church, but its musical ring of six bells.—Since the present war, Eling has been made a military station. Various regiments have successively occupied its barracks, ready, on any emergency, to march round to Southampton, and embark for foreign service.

Eling occurs in Domes-day Book, as a place of some consequence. It is there called Edlinges. Hence we learn, that, in the time of King Edward the Confessor, this manor was under obligation to provide half a day's entertainment for the king, when he should come this way. In the time of

William the Conqueror, it had a church, two mills, a fishery, and a faltern.*

In sinking a well in this parish, to supply his premises with water, Mr. Thomas King discovered, at the depth of about 36 feet, a number of fossil shells. This corroborates an observation of Mr. Gilpin's; who remarks, in speaking of the fossils found on the shore near Christchurch (see page 59 of this work), that this stratum of shells runs in a northerly direction quite through New Forest. (Eling lies north-east of Christchurch.) "What is remarkable," adds Mr. G., "few of these shells belong to this coast, or indeed to any European coast; some of them are said to be tropical." †

From this place, our traveller may turn to Totton, scarcely a mile distant; through which our road lies (as before, page 28) to Southampton, less than five miles.

* Warner's Hamp. Ext. from Domes-day, pp. 20, 21.

† Gilpin's Forest Scenery, vol. II. p. 88.

SECTION IV.

*Road from Southampton to Stony Crofs ;
returning through Lyndhurst.*

OUR next ride shall be from Southampton to Stony Crofs,—about eleven miles.

We proceed to *Totton* as before ; but, instead of turning into the *Lyndhurst* road, we keep straight on thro' *Totton*. After passing from a close lane into an open common, we see, on the right, at a distance from the road, *Testwood House*, the seat of Peter Serle, esq., pleasantly situated, and commanding fine views of the neighbourhood.

Riding onward, through *Netley Marsh*, an extensive forest lawn, finely skirted with wood, we observe, on the right, a road striking down to *Tatchbury Mount*, the seat of — Conolly, esq. In *Domes-day Book* it occurs under the name *Teocreberie*. “As it has the usual termination of all such spots as formerly had camps upon them, there can

be no doubt of its having been formerly a British military station. Agriculture has defaced every appearance of vallation; but in the reign of Queen Elizabeth (according to Norden), there were vestiges of an enormous camp on the summit of Tatchbury Mount."*

Tradition informs us, that Tatchbury was for a long time a hunting-seat belonging to the crown, and that the house extended far northward, to the present barton, or yard. This, probably, was when the court was held at Winchester; and when Southampton was the frequent residence of the kings of this island. At this time it is likely that the king and his attendants had divine service performed here; as the name of Chapel Field, which is still retained, seems to allude to it; and there are other circumstances to corroborate this opinion.

At between eight and nine miles from Southampton, on the right, is the little vil-

* The above particulars, between inverted commas, were obligingly communicated by the Rev. Mr. Warner, at present of Bath.

lage of *Cadenham*, famous only for its oak, which buds every year in the depth of winter.

The superstition of the foresters leads them to attribute this phenomenon to the influence of Old Christmas Day. But, no doubt, the germination is gradual, according to the temperature of the season; and frequently happens before Christmas. The most eminent botanists can no more account for this premature vegetation, than for that of the famous Glastonbury thorn. These early shoots, however, soon die away; and the tree, at the usual time with other oaks, puts on a similar clothing.*

Not far from Cadenham, on the Romsey road, is *Paultons*, the seat of Lord Mendip. The situation of the house is low, sheltered, and sequestered. The grounds are about five miles in circuit; and were laid out by Brown.

At Cadenham, instead of riding straight forward, we turn to the left, into the Ring-

* For a full account of this curious tree, vide Gilpin's *Forest Scenery*, vol. I. p. 169.

wood road.—In rather less than three miles, we see, on the left, *Castle Malwood Cottage*,* the seat of A. Drummond, esq.—The near grounds are rude, and the situation is rather exposed; but the views are very extensive. The high grounds of the Isle of Purbeck,—the Isle of Wight; Southampton and its neighbourhood; and another vast stretch of distant country, bounded by the hills of Wilts and Dorset, lie beneath the ranging eye.

* We cannot forbear referring to Mr. Gilpin's remarks on ornamented cottages.—A house being merely covered with thatch, he observes, makes it no more a cottage, than ruffles would make a clown a gentleman, or a meally hat would turn a laced beau into a miller.—The imagination does not like to be jolted in its sensations, from one idea to another; but to go on quietly in the same track, either of *grandeur* or *simplicity*.—Pleasing ideas, no doubt, may be executed under the form of a cottage; but, to make them *pleasing*, they should be *harmonious*. We need not restrict the *artificial cottage* to so very close an imitation of the *natural one*. In the inside it may admit of much greater neatness and convenience, rejecting all *splendor*. Though the roof be thatched, it may cover two stories; and if it project somewhat over the walls, the effect may be better. If the windows are slated, they should not be large; and if a vestibule be added, it should be only a common brick porch, with a plain, neat roof. That kind of plastering which is called *rough-cast*, is preferable for the front, without stonework of any kind. The ground about a cottage, should be neat, but artless. The lawn that comes up to the door, should be grazed, rather than mown. The sunk fence, the painted rail, and the broad gravel walk, are ideas alien to the cottage.—Gilpin's *Observations on the Western Parts of England*, pp. 309, 310.

Here-

Hereabout we descend, on the right, into a beautiful forest vale (adjoining the hamlet of Canterton), in which a stone is erected to point out the scene of William Rufus's death; who was accidentally slain here by Sir Walter Tyrrel, a Norman, who accompanied him in the chase. A stag passing by, the knight discharged his arrow at him; but the weapon, glancing against a tree, took a direction contrary to the one intended, and pierced the monarch through the heart. Tyrrel, on seeing William fall, immediately escaped into Normandy. The body, however, was shortly after found by a peasant, who threw it into his cart, and conveyed it to Winchester; where a plain tomb is still pointed out, as covering its remains. Tradition informs us, that the name of the person who paid this attention to the deceased tyrant, was Purkess; the descendants of whom still reside near the spot where the accident occurred. It further asserts, that part of the cart, on which the body was placed, existed till within these

these few years; when the only remaining wheel was committed, by wanton malice, to the flames.

About fifty years ago, the tree, on which the arrow glanced, became so mutilated and decayed, that the spot would perhaps have been forgotten, if some other memorial had not been raised. Before the stump was removed, the present triangular stone was erected, by the late Lord Delaware, who lived in one of the neighbouring lodges. As the stone is greatly mutilated, owing to the ignorance of many of its visitants, who break off fragments of it as relics of antiquity, we insert the inscription.

On the first side.

“Here stood the oak tree, on which an arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrrel at a stag, glanced, and struck King William II., surnamed Rufus, in the breast; of which stroke he instantly died, on the second day of August, 1100.”

Second side.

“King William II. being thus slain, was laid in a cart, belonging to one Purkess; and

and drawn from hence to Winchester, and buried in the cathedral church of that city."

Third side.

"That the spot, where an event so memorable happened, might not hereafter be forgotten, this stone was set up by John Lord Delaware, who has seen the tree growing in this place."

His Majesty's visit to this spot is also noticed on the stone; which was repaired, in 1789, by John Richard, Earl of Delaware.

The fatal accidents which beset three of William the Conqueror's relations in New Forest (his son, his elder brother, and his nephew), have not a little strengthened the general prejudice against his character; and confirmed many in the belief, that he really committed all those enormities, in forming this forest, which monkish writers have laid to his charge.—To remove this vulgar error, we will introduce a quotation from the Southampton Guide; where the subject has been already taken up.

"It has been the general opinion for many ages, suggested first by the monkish writers,
and

and adopted from them by later historians, that this wide tract of country was converted into forest by William the Conqueror; who, in defiance of every obligation, moral, religious, and political, exterminated the inhabitants at that time residing in it, overturned their dwellings, destroyed their implements of husbandry, and desecrated 36 (or, according to some authors, 52) mother-churches, which then stood on the spot. His motive for this barbarous proceeding, we are told, was an ungovernable passion for the chase, and an idea, that the south-western corner of Hampshire was particularly well situated for the purpose of gratifying it. The improbability of this story (which originated in monkish malice) seems sufficiently obvious at the first glance; since we cannot persuade ourselves, that a prince of William's political sagacity, would adopt a measure, of which the disadvantages were many, certain, and general; the advantages, few, paltry, and personal. Such, however, is the universal practice of historians, to receive and adopt the details of their predecessors, without
tho-

thoroughly sifting them, or weighing their probability, that we find every annalist and chronicler, from the eleventh century to modern times, delivering this account of William's merciless afforestation,

“ A great deal of light, however, has of late been thrown on the subject, both by Mr. Gough, in his elaborate edition of Camden, and Mr. Warner, in his Topographical Remarks; the latter of which gentlemen, after having examined all that has been said or written on the subject, sums up his dissertation with the following conclusions:

“ First, ‘ That in early times, previous to the reign of William, the tract of country now denominated New Forest, was a sterile and woody district, occupied by some of the lower ranks of society; for the most part uncultivated, but with a few places, here and there, which were in the rude tillage of the age.’ Secondly, ‘ That William, being passionately fond of hunting, and wishing to extend the scenes of his favourite amusement, fixed on this corner of Hampshire as a spot

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proper

proper for his purpose ; and accordingly converted a large proportion of it into forest.' But, thirdly, 'That the afforestation was made without much injury to the subject, or offence to religion ; the scantiness of its population precluding the one ; and the circumstances of the times, and state of that part of the kingdom, forbidding us to believe there could be many places of worship existing there, the desecration of which might have scandalized the other.' " *

From Stony Cross, if we wish to vary the return, we take a by-road, on the left, through the pleasant village of *Minstead*, where we observe *Manor House*, the residence of John Compton, esq., to *Lyndhurst*, and so to Southampton, as before.

" * Warner's Top. Rem. vol. I. p. 196."

SECTION

SECTION IV.

Road from Southampton to Romsey, &c.

OUR next journey is from Southampton to Romsey,—about eight miles.

At *Four-Posts*, which we have mentioned before (page 12), we turn to the right. A long close lane brings us to *Shirley Common*; where the most prominent object is *Shirley House*, the seat of William Greville, esq.; a handsome substantial mansion, with excellent gardens; commanding pleasing views of the surrounding country.

We now enter another lane, which brings us to *Shirley Mill*; where an iron manufactory is carried on. Shirley occurs in Domes-day Book, under the name of Sirelei. It is there mentioned as having a church, a mill, and a fishery. There are now no vestiges of any church; nor were there any, that we know, of a mill, till the present one was erected by the late Mr. Light.

Hence our road leads us over *Nutshaling Common*; part of which has lately been inclosed for cultivation: and corn, and grass, and the various fruits of tillage, now gladden the eye, which was lately tired with a rugged, dull, and sterile tract of unprofitable heath. It has been well observed, how superior are the practical labours of the farmer, to the speculations of the botanist. "To raise a thick turf on a naked soil, will be worth volumes of systematic knowledge; and he shall be the best commonwealth's-man, that shall occasion (under the blessing of Providence) the growth of *two blades of grass*, where *one* alone was seen before."

In the summer of 1795, a camp was formed on this common. Previous to its breaking up, the regiments which composed it were reviewed by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. Soon after this, they embarked at Southampton for the West Indies. There the fate they met with, is but too well known. Thousands were the victims of pestilential disease;

disease; and of the whole of that fine and healthy army, no more than a sickly and scanty handful returned to their native shores.

Between the third and fourth mile-stones, a road turns down to *Nutshaling*, a pretty village, with a church. In the church is an elegant monument, in high preservation, erected to the memory of Sir Richard Mille, knight, who died in the year 1613, aged 60. Two whole-length figures, of the knight and his lady, habited according to the fashion of their day, recline beneath a canopy. The monument is indeed well worth a visit. The epitaph on the tomb, in Latin verse, highly celebrates the virtues of its silent inhabitants.

Adjoining *Nutshaling* is *Grove Place*, an ancient building, the property, during a long series of years, of the Mill family, but at present in the occupation of the Rev. Sir Charles Rich, bart. Queen Elizabeth is said (but we know not how true it is) to have honoured this stately residence, by keeping her court here for

a short time. There are various pleasant walks through the grounds: in which the beauty of the scenes is not a little assisted by the romantic appearance of the turrets and battlements of the house; which, at a distance, give it very much the appearance of a castle.

Pursuing the Romsey road, we see, on the right, *Rownhams*, a comfortable and sheltered mansion, the seat of the Rev. Mr. Barton, commanding a sweeping and extensive view. A little farther on is *Upton*, the property of Leonard Wray, esq., an elevated though sheltered situation, with pleasant woodland prospects. Our road now becomes very beautiful. The hills behind us shut out all the views towards Southampton; but, instead of them, we catch, through the various openings, very pleasing prospects of a finely wooded country. In several of these, *Lee House*, the residence of N. Fletcher, esq., makes a principal object.

At about a mile from Romsey, we cross the Andover Canal; and soon approach

Broad-

Broadlands, the beautiful seat of Lord Palmerston. The house is highly finished, both within doors and without, in a style of elegant simplicity. The noble owner's collection of paintings will particularly attract the connoisseur. The park and gardens, as well as the hot and green-houses, are kept in excellent order. Few dairies are more singular than that of *Broadlands*. The cattle are all of the same breed, and are curiously belted round the body with a broad stripe of white. The river Test rolls its beautiful waters through the park; and the neighbouring bridge thrown across it, is a pleasing object from the house.

We now enter the town of *Romsey*,—a pleasant inland situation, well watered, and surrounded by woods, corn-fields, meadows, and pastures; but the prospects are confined. Its shalloon trade, which was once very considerable, has greatly declined, owing to the disuse of that article: but it has several paper-mills, and a manufactory of facking, &c. Three considerable fairs are

are held here,—on Easter Monday, on Aug. 26, and on Nov. 8: there is also a good market for corn, every Saturday. The government of the town is vested in a mayor, recorder, six aldermen, and twelve principal inhabitants.

The name of the town is a Saxon compound (formed of two words signifying a *broad or roomy island*), very indicative of its situation. A monastery of Benedictine nuns (according to William of Malmesbury) was founded here by King Edgar; though it seems rather probable, that Edgar *altered or enlarged* the foundation; since we find that, earlier in the tenth century than his time, Elfleda, one of the daughters of Edward the Elder, was first a nun, and afterwards abbess here; where she also died, and was buried.* Speed sets down Earl Alwin and King John as benefactors to this nunnery; which must have been a rich foundation, since its annual revenue, at the dissolution, was computed at

* Speed's History of Great Britain, p. 338, third edit.
—Rapin, vol. I. p. 99.

528l. 8s. 10d. There is a list of some of its possessions in Domes-day Book, where it is called the abbey de Romeſyg.

Prince Edmund, second son of King Edgar, who died in the fourth year of his age, A. D. 971, was buried here; as was also Christina, a cousin of Edward the Confessor; who took the veil in this monastery in 1085, and continued a nun till her death.*

Mary, daughter of King Stephen, was also abbess here. Matthew, younger son of Theodoric, Earl of Flanders, falling in love with this lady, prevailed on her to quit the convent for his sake. They were married; and she bore her husband two daughters; but the cruel anathemas of a tyrannic pontiff, who would by no means brook such a violation of the rights of *holy church*, remanded the princess to her monastery, even ten years after her marriage.† Who can forbear to pity this hapless victim of papal tyranny, thus inhumanly separated from her dearest connections! How keen must have

* Saxon Chronicle, pp. 121, 187, Gibson's edit.

† Rapin, vol. I. p. 211, note 2.—Speed, p. 482.

been

been the farewell pang, at being divorced for ever from the husband of her choice ! How heart-affecting must have been the "longing, lingering look" she "cast behind," after she had for the last time embraced the offspring of her affectionate union ! Torn from a useful and an honourable station in society,—doomed to perpetual imprisonment among the narrow-minded inmates of a convent,—how deeply must she have regretted all the rational enjoyments of social and conjugal life, which she was thus barbarously constrained to relinquish ! *

We rejoice in the abolition of such absurd institutions ; which, at the best, could lay

* "Women of the higher class" (says the excellent Hannah More) "were not sent into the world to shun society, but to improve it. They were not designed for the cold and visionary virtues of solitudes and monasteries, but for the amiable and endearing offices of social life ; they are of a religion which does not impose idle austerities, but enjoins active duties ; a religion of which the most benevolent actions require to be sanctified by the purest motives ; a religion which does not condemn its followers to the comparatively easy task of seclusion from the world, but assigns them the more difficult province of living uncorrupted in it ; which, while it forbids them to "follow a multitude to do evil," includes in that prohibition the sin of doing nothing, and which moreover enjoins them to be followers of Him "who went about doing good."—Hannah More's *Strictures on Female Education*, vol. II. p. 233.

claim

claim to no more than *negative* efficacy. They might chain up the struggling passions, and hold them in irksome and unwilling bondage;—they might effect a specious external alteration,—but they could never change the heart.*

Very little of Romsey Nunnery now remains; though here and there we see a few fragments of its walls; on one of which, in particular, is a large crucifix, in relievo. The church is an ancient building: it is cruciform; and is a fine specimen of Saxon architecture, supposed to have been built 800 years ago; though some parts of it are evidently of much later date.† From the top of the tower, we have a sweeping prospect over the flat country in which Romsey is situated, and, through an opening, a distant glimpse of part of the Isle of Wight. On the leads of the side aisle, towards the

* Dr. Johnson once observed, to the abbess of a convent which he visited in France,—“Madam, you are here, not for the *love of virtue*, but for the *fear of vice*.”

† After the dissolution of the monastery, Henry VIII. sold the whole of this large building to the parishioners, for 100l. only.

east,

east, where one would little expect to meet with the produce of the orchard, an *apple-tree* is pointed out to us, which flourishes and bears fruit in this very singular situation: it is said to be of a great age.

The church has a fine ring of eight bells, and a neat organ. In a niche of the wall, is deposited an ancient whole-length figure of a woman, formed out of a solid piece of Purbeck stone; which is supposed to represent one of the abbesses of the nunnery. It was discovered buried beneath the pavement, in the west end of the building, many years ago, in forming a vault. It does not seem an improbable supposition, that this figure might have been an object of veneration, in the days of popery; and that it might have been thus concealed, in order to preserve it from the honest zeal of the image-breakers at the Reformation.

There are several monuments in the church, but none of them particularly ancient or remarkable. The inscription on that of Lady Palmerston is very elegant. Sir W. Petty, ancestor of the Marquis of Landsdown,

lies

lies buried in the south aisle of the chancel, under a flat stone, with this simple inscription,—“Here layes Sir William Petty.”

This celebrated genius was born at Romsey, where his father was a clothier, anno 1623. While a boy, he took great delight in spending his time amongst the artificers in the clothing trade; which he could work at when only twelve years of age; and is said even to have imitated the most curious machines used in the business, at this early age. At fifteen, he was master of the Latin, Greek, and French tongues, as well as of arithmetic, and those parts of practical geometry and astronomy, which are useful to navigation. Soon after, he went to France, where he studied anatomy. Upon his return to England, he was preferred in the navy. After this, he again went abroad for three years, to prosecute his studies. In 1648, he taught anatomy and chymistry at Oxford, and was created a doctor of physic. He was afterwards professor of anatomy at Oxford, and member of the college

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of physicians in London. In 1650, he became physician to the army in Ireland; where he continued nine years, and acquired a great fortune. After the Restoration, Charles II. knighted him, in 1661. In 1662, he published his celebrated Treatise of Taxes and Contributions. Next year he was greatly applauded in Ireland, for his invention of a double-bottomed ship, to sail against wind and tide; which, however, did not succeed. He died at London, of a mortification in his foot, in 1687, leaving behind him property to the amount of 15,000*l.* per annum.

The variety of pursuits in which he was engaged, shows him to have had a genius capable of any thing to which he chose to apply it; and it is rather extraordinary, that a man of so active and busy a spirit, could find time to write so many things as it appears he did.

If the traveller be inclined to prolong his journey beyond Romsey, he may take the road to Stockbridge, as far as Mottisfont,—
about

about five miles. We cross the river Test three times, which flows in a broad and pleasant stream over this flat country; but the road is not so well wooded as that we have passed on the other side of Romsey.

Mottisfont House, the seat of Sir Charles Mill, bart., now presents itself. Seen from the road, it has an air of fullen grandeur; as we approach nearer, it seems to give us some idea of an ancient baronial mansion; and the hospitality that reigns within, by no means discountenances such an idea. The front is irregular: the entrance hall, quite in the ancient stile, is decorated with the spreading antlers of various stags, and in the middle is a most ample pair of elk's horns. The house is very roomy, and the apartments in general are elegantly fitted up. Though at a distance Mottisfont seems unfavourable to any pleasing prospects, the views from the house are highly gratifying, over a fine and fertile valley, watered by the winding Test, and graced with a variety of fine trees.

We might expatiate on the gardens, the grounds, the hot-houses, &c.,—but it will be sufficient to observe, that these are all in uniformity with the general commodiousness of the mansion; which seems, indeed, scarcely to want for any thing that can conduce to its comfort or convenience.

There are several fine plane trees in the grounds. One of them, near the house, is particularly striking. It shoots up two stately stems to a considerable height; and the long limber branches bowed nearly to the ground, at their extremities, by the weight of the foliage, form an elegant canopy, and afford a most grateful shade.*

Mottisfont House occupies part of the site of the ancient priory of Mottisfont; some remains of which are still visible; particularly under the terrace and the slope, by which the wings of the present mansion are respectively approached; and foundations may be

* In Evelyn's time (author of the *Silva*), the plane had been but recently introduced into England. He calls it a "beautiful and precious tree," and particularly recommends the planting of it.

traced,

traced, beyond the limits of the existing building.

Speed gives us Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, in the time of William Rufus, as first founder of this priory. He also mentions Richard de Rivers, Earl of Devon, and William de Bruere, as founders.*

Sir Peter de Rivallis, who appears to have been a man of considerable eminence for sanctity, in popish times, and who was fabled to have done many miracles, also bequeathed a considerable sum to the priory. It seems that this person had obtained, among the common people, the very strange epithet of "*the holy man in the wall*;" but on what account we are unable to discover.

Eleanor, Queen of Edward I., was likewise a benefactor. By her donation she provided, that seven poor widows should be daily furnished with provisions at Mottisfont.

Laurentius de Colshull, John Forstbury and Joanna his wife, Margery de la Ferte,

* It was customary formerly to confer the title of *founders* on those who contributed largely to these religious houses.—Tanner's Preface to his *Notitia Monast.*

and many others, made provision for the salvation of their souls, and added to the number of their good works, as they seemed to think, by endowing this company of monks with a variety of possessions, to run over a set of heartless prayers for them. The several grants made to the monastery, were confirmed by King John.

According to the original institution, this foundation was to consist of a prior and eleven canons: but, in the year 1494, it had so greatly declined, that there were then only a prior and three canons. On this account, King Henry VII. sent a petition to the Pope, setting forth the declension of the house, stating that there was no reason to think the vacancies could be easily filled up, and proposing that from regular they should be altered to secular canons, in order to prevent the foundation from falling into utter decay. Hereupon the Pope issued his bull to proper officers in England, to inquire into the business, and to determine as might be for the best. What their determination was, we know not: at the dissolution, the
annual

annual revenue of the priory was 167l. 15s. 8d.*

In Mottisfont House, an ancient painting is still preserved, which was probably exposed to vulgar admiration, in some conspicuous part of the monastery. It had long remained in a very neglected state, till the late Rev. Sir C. Mill discovered it, and gave orders for its preservation.—The larger compartment of it represents (as the Latin inscription informs us) one Thomas (whether of this monastery, or of some place of greater note, we know not), who, according to the story, had been three days and nights occupied in fasting and prayer, in order to discover the meaning of a certain passage in Isaiah,—at length receiving the reward of his labours, in a visit from St. Peter and St.

* Should the above sketch of the history of this priory be thought hasty and imperfect, we would remind our readers, that the minute detail of such matters as these, does not come within our plan, even were our abilities equal to it. What we have said, has been mostly derived from papers kindly communicated by Mr. Thomas King, of Eling, steward to the Mottisfont estate; who has various materials in his possession, which would greatly assist in forming a more circumstantial history.—Among others, we cannot but particularly mention, on account of its curiosity, an ancient register of the possessions of the priory, finely written and illuminated.

Paul.

Paul. One Reginald, a friend of Thomas's, it seems, had passed by the door of his apartment, while the two sociable apostles were talking with him ; and his having overheard them chatting together, had excited his curiosity, so that he would needs have Thomas tell him, who these visitors were. Whereupon Thomas very gravely communicated to him the above particulars ; and assured him, that these visits from the friendly apostles were by no means uncommon, when he was at a loss in studying the Scriptures ; and that they sometimes brought with them the Holy Virgin herself.

The other compartment of the picture represents one Bonaventura, a particular friend of this same Thomas, looking in at a door, which stands partly open ; and observing him deep in thought, and very busy in writing ; while the Holy Spirit, in the shape of a dove, is standing by his ear, and dictating to him. Bonaventura, perceiving how well his comrade is employed, and being unwilling to disturb him, very civilly withdraws.

Another

Another sample this, of the fallacies of popery,—of the delusions of these “evil men and seducers,”—of the broad and unblushing impostures they could palm upon the people! What friend of truth, but must again and again exult in that Reformation, which scourged these miscreants from the temple,—which drove these hypocrites from the altar,—which expelled from their strong holds of deceit, these

“Eremites and friars,
Black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery;”—

which exposed their false inventions to the light of open day, and threw their vain superstitions “to the moles and to the bats.”

We have also seen two curious walking-sticks, which belonged to, and probably were the workmanship of, some of these monks. The top of one of them is carved into the representation of an animal's head, and the other into that of a monk. Mr. King, in whose possession these are, informed us that he had seen a third, which also represented a head, and which had on it two Latin inscrip-

scriptions; one of them signifying,—“No rude rustic made me with unskilful knife;” the other,—“How far I am from having a wooden look!”

Mottisfont is a small village, with a church. We know of nothing curious in it. There was, however, some years ago, we were informed, the following singular epitaph, inscribed by a widow on her husband's headstone:

“My husbandye lyethe dedye

Under thus stone:

Dethy cam to him and sedy

Oh! ho! John.”

There is certainly room for regret, that, in these solemn repositories of the dead, we frequently meet with something rather suited to provoke a smile, than to excite any serious and suitable consideration. Idle fallies of unseasonable drollery,—compositions equally void of sense and metre,—sentiments utterly incompatible with Christianity, make up the majority of the inscriptions in our churchyards. It would be well if these things were
under

under some better regulations. If *French atheists* can make *their* burying-places vehicles of notions, calculated to cut asunder every moral and social obligation;—if *they* can endeavour, amidst the mansions of death, to make survivors believe that *eternal sleep* is all the futurity that awaits their immortal part,*—thus aiming to steel the heart for deeds of horror, by removing the dread of future retribution;—why may not the very contrary be attempted in *Christian* cemeteries?—Why may not the monumental stone convey to the passing reader some weighty and important sentiment, warranted at least by the Scriptures of Truth, if not borrowed from them?

From Mottisfont we again return to Romsey; where we have the choice of returning to Southampton by the same road, or by

* “And are there such?—Such candidates there are
For more than death, for utter loss of being,
Being, the basis of the *Deity*!
Ask you the cause?—The cause they will not tell;
Nor need they: Oh, the forceries of sense!
They work this transformation on the soul,
Dismount her, like the serpent at the fall,
Dismount her from her native wing (which soar’d
Ere-while ethereal heights), and throw her down,
To lick the dust, and crawl, in such a thought.”

another,

another, through Chilworth, which joins the London road, and is little more than eight miles.

SECTION VI.

Road from Southampton, through Hursley, to Winchester; returning by the London road.

AS we quit the town, we see, on the left, the *Cavalry Barrack*,—a neat building, calculated for the accommodation of a troop of horse. Opposite, we observe the back front of *Bellevue*; from the appearance of which, we should be ready to think the *name* of the house *misapplied*; did we not know that the front of the mansion, towards the river, enjoys a *fine view indeed*. The shrubberies and gardens are extensive, and the greenhouse is superb.

Proceeding up the London road, between a fine avenue of tall elms, we see, on the left, *Archers' Lodge*, the residence of Samuel Harrison,

Harrison, esq.,—a neat building, in a pleasing situation. Many of the plants in the shrubbery are very curious; having been procured from High-cliff, near Christchurch, the seat of the late scientific Earl of Bute.

A little farther, on the same side, is *Clayfield*, the property of Charles Mackay, esq.,—a pleasant situation, opening towards the common. Opposite, at some distance from the road, in a fine park, is *Padwell*, or *Bevis Mount*, the seat of Edward Horne, esq. The situation is extremely agreeable; and the river Itchen, at full tide, so greatly adds to its beauties, that one of the former possessors of this mansion would never suffer strangers to see his grounds but at high-water. This was the celebrated Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough; whose property Bevis Mount formerly was, and who frequently resided here. He is universally allowed to have been one of the greatest men of his day:—"a man," says his biographer, "of an advantageous figure and enterprising spirit; as gallant as Amadis, and as brave, but a little more expeditious in his

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journeys; for he is said to have seen more kings and more postilions than any man in Europe. His enmity to the Duke of Marlborough, and his friendship with Pope, will preserve his name; when his genius, too romantic to have laid a solid foundation for fame; and his politics, too disinterested for his age and country, shall be equally forgotten."*

A little farther, on the left, is *Bannisters*, the beautiful and retired seat of William Fitzhugh, esq. It is a neat and newly-built mansion, with very pleasing views.

The road now continues through *Southampton Common*. The fine avenue, composed of detached groups of firs, connecting Southampton with the country, meets the approbation even of Mr. Gilpin's taste.—“The idea of an avenue, as a connecting thread between a town and country, is a good one.”—“As we turned round, and viewed it in retrospect, it united with the woody scene around it, which had a good effect.”†

* Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors.

† Gilpin on the Western Parts of England, p. 352.

The gentle and gradual ascent of the road we have passed, raising us above the country we have quitted, now places us in a situation for enjoying a most exquisite prospect of it. *Belvidere Summer-house*, which we see on the right, not far from the third mile-stone, at the end of Mr. Fleming's park, is admirably situated for this view. The river Itchen, and all the fine hanging scenery of its banks, is particularly pleasing.

A little beyond the sixth mile-stone, we take the road on the left, which leads to the village of *Hursley*,—rather more than two miles distant.

Here we see *Hursley Lodge*, the seat of Sir William Heathcote, bart., one of the members for this county. The house, which was built by the present possessor's grandfather, is spacious, substantial, and elegantly furnished. Richard Cromwell, Oliver's son and successor, had a house near the site of the present mansion. This estate came into the possession of the Cromwell family, by Richard's marriage with Miss

Dorothy Major, daughter of Richard Major, esq., mayor and alderman of Southampton.

As this man of singular fortunes was during several years a resident at Hursley, we hope to be excused for taking up a few pages of our work with a short sketch of his history.*

Richard Cromwell, the third, but eldest surviving son of the Protector Oliver, was born at Huntingdon, Oct. 4, 1626. He was educated at Felsted, in Essex. In order that he might study the law, he was admitted, in 1647, to the society of Lincoln's Inn, having then nearly completed his twenty-first year.

It does not appear, however, that he possessed that patience, which must be so necessary to those who would enter upon the dry formalities of jurisprudence. Pleasure principally engaged his attention. He took no active part in the factions that disturbed the

* We principally derive our information from the accurate and impartial Memoirs of the Protectorate House of Cromwell, by the Rev. Mark Noble, Rector of Baddesley-Clinton, &c.

kingdom, and bore arms on neither side. Indeed, while his father was fighting the battles of the parliament, Richard was the companion of the most loyal cavaliers; and he frequently drank health and success to the sovereign whom his father was de-throning. And when King Charles was condemned to die, Richard besought his father Oliver to exert himself, in order to prevent the execution; but the general would by no means comply with his son's request, though he asked it on his knees.

After his marriage, which took place May 1, 1649, he resided at Hursley, and became quite the country gentleman, indulging himself in all the rural sports of the age, such as hunting, hawking, &c. Whilst here, he did not depart from his former loyal principles, bearing the same attachment to the son, as he had borne to the father. He was also still inattentive to the public concerns, very uxorious, and by no means frugal in his expences.

On Oliver's being made protector, Richard was appointed first lord of trade and navigation;

gation; and, in 1656, he was returned one of the county members for Hants. The following year, he was elected chancellor of the university of Oxford. Soon after, he was sworn a privy counsellor, made a colonel in the army, placed at the head of the new-made house of lords, and entitled the Right Honourable the Lord Richard, Eldest Son of his Serene Highness, the Lord Protector.

Although he has been represented as dissatisfied with his father's grandeur, as not thinking it built upon a good foundation, he did not hesitate a moment in accepting of his honours, when he was declared his successor.

We shall not enter upon the occurrences of Richard's eight months' reign. We shall only observe, in the words of Bishop Burnet, that when the Republicans "had resolved to lay him aside, who had neither genius nor friends, neither treasure nor army to support him, he desired only security for the debts he had contracted; which was promised, but not performed. Thus, without any struggle, he withdrew, and became a pri-

private man. And as he had done hurt to nobody, so nobody did ever study to hurt him ; being a rare instance of the instability of human greatness, and of the security of innocence."*

Richard, after giving up the protectorship, left Whitehall Palace, at the desire of the parliament, and retired to Hampton Court ; which he soon quitted for his seat at Hursley. From this place he sent in his resignation of the chancellorship of Oxford university. In a short time after, the situation of public affairs, but more particularly the pressure of his debts, made him judge it most expedient to quit the kingdom, and to retire to the continent.†

France was the country he embarked for, when he left England. But not deeming it altogether safe to reside in that kingdom, he proceeded to the little republic of Geneva.

* Burnet's History of His Own Times, vol. I. p. 83, edit. 1724.

† Lord Clarendon says, that he fled more for fear of his debts than of the king : and indeed, after the Restoration of Charles II., he was so little noticed, that his name was not even mentioned in either house of parliament.

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In his way thither, he made some stay at the town of Pezenas, in the province of Languedoc. Lord Clarendon relates a very amusing adventure which befel him in this place.

The Prince of Conti had a palace here, where he resided as governor of the province. Richard, in one of his walks, "met with a person who well knew him, and was well known by him, the other having been always of his father's and of his party; so that they were glad enough to find themselves together." The other told him, "that all strangers who came to that town, used to wait upon the Prince of Conti, who always expected it;" promising to introduce him as an English gentleman. "The prince received Richard with great civility, and entered into conversation with him, respecting the present state of public affairs in England. 'Well,' said the prince, '*Oliver*, though he was a traitor and a villain, was a brave fellow, had great parts, great courage, was worthy to command; but that Richard, that coxcomb, coquin, poltroon, was surely the basest fellow alive: What is become of that fool? How

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is it possible that he should be such a sot?' Richard answered, that 'he was betrayed by those whom he most trusted, and who had been most obliged by his father:' so being weary of his visit, quickly took his leave, and the next morning left the town, out of fear that the prince might know that he was the very fool and coxcomb he had mentioned so kindly." *

His stay at Geneva was short. He quitted it for Paris, where he lived for several years, with only one servant. About the year 1680, having overcome most of his pecuniary difficulties, he ventured to return to England; taking up his residence at Cheshunt, a few miles from London. Here he lived under an assumed name, either that of Wallis or Clark, unknown except to a few friends.

His health was so good to the last, that at fourscore he would gallop his horse for several miles together. In his last illness, and just before his departure, he said to his

* Clarendon's History of the Rebellion.

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daughters, "Live in love ; I am going to the God of love." He died July 13, 1712, most probably at Cheshunt, in the eighty-sixth year of his age ; and was buried with funeral pomp in the chancel of Hursley church, near the body of his lady.*

Mr. Noble endeavours to vindicate Richard's character from the aspersions which have been thrown on it. He allows that "his knowledge of the art of government was very little ;" but observes that "this is no reason why his capacity should be bad ;" especially as "there are facts that prove the exact contrary." He is said to have been well esteemed in his neighbourhood, and to have had no kind of blemish on his character, except too great an attachment to the fair sex.†

Many of Richard's relations and descendants were buried in Hursley parish-church ; and the manor of Merdon, or the Hursley

* A few years ago, an old man was living at Hursley, who carried a torch, as a tenant's son, at his burial.

† Noble's Memoirs, vol. I. pp. 234—237.

estate, was sold to Sir William Heathcote, grandfather of the present possessor, by Richard Cromwell's daughters.

It is said, that this gentleman, when he purchased the estate, declared that, because the house had belonged to the Cromwells, he would not suffer one brick or stone to remain upon another. And in performing this vow, the die of a seal was found by a workman, which proved to be that of the commonwealth of England.

Adjoining Hursley park is a small ruin, which was formerly (Mr. Grose supposes) part of the *keep* of *Merdon Castle*,—one of the episcopal castles or palaces of the see of Winchester. It was built by Bishop Henry de Blois, King Stephen's brother, about the year 1138. He fortified it with strong entrenchments soon afterwards; at the time that he and his brother the king besieged the Empress Maud, in Winchester Castle, who had taken post there with Robert, Earl of Gloucester. In the fourteenth century, it became ruinous, and almost entirely dilapidated.

pidated. It was alienated, with the manor of Merton, from the see of Winchester, in Queen Elizabeth's time. Only a fragment of a flinty tower, a shapeless mass, remains, surrounded by two very considerable concentric circumvallations. In the central area, where this ruin stands, is also a modern farmhouse. The old original well of the castle remains, of unusual depth and diameter.*

From Hursley we proceed towards *Winchester*,—about five miles distant. The antiquities of this celebrated city will doubtless detain the curious; but as sufficient assistance is to be had on the spot, it comes not within our province to describe them. When the traveller is inclined to return, he may take the main road to Southampton.

At about a mile from Winchester, we see the *Hospital of St. Cross*, originally founded in 1132, by Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester. The revenues of this hospital, though greatly diminished, still maintain a

* Vide Grose's Supplement to his Antiquities; where a drawing of this ruin is given.

master and nine poor brethren, who enjoy their places during life. The office of master is a very lucrative employment, generally held by some dignified clergyman. The allowance to the brethren is one pound of meat per diem, three quarts of good small beer, and five loaves of wheaten bread, each weighing 24 oz.; besides certain additional allowances of meat and drink on particular days, and sixpence weekly. There are likewise four out-pensioners, who have each, during life, a stipend of 10l. per annum: the sum of 25s. is also distributed among the poor every year. And there is besides, at this time, a daily allowance to the porter, of a certain quantity of bread and beer, for the refreshment of poor travellers; who are entitled to a piece of white bread and a cup of beer, on demand.

The buildings belonging to this foundation, consist of one extensive irregular court. The church, a curious remain of Saxon architecture, was built by the first founder, Henry de Blois. Its form is that of a cross; and it consists of three ailes, and

a transept, or cross aisle. The roof is very lofty, and supported by strong pillars and arches. The chancel is exceedingly neat, being paved with white marble. There are several ancient tombs and inscriptions, chiefly of the masters and brethren of the hospital.

The lodging rooms of the poor people adjoin to the church. The north side consists of the master's house, which is spacious and elegant; the brethren's hall; and the gateway. In the hall they meet to share their allowance; and, on certain days of the year, to dine and sup together.*

At little more than two miles from Winchester, we pass the small village of *Compton*, which has a church. On the left, a road strikes down to *Twyford*, an agreeably situated village, with several gentlemen's seats in its neighbourhood. The poet Pope received part of his education at a school in this place; where he was so much dissatisfied with his master, as to lampoon him, in verse. At this time, he must have been about ten years old.

* Vide Grose's Supplement, and the History of Winchester.

Continuing our road, we arrive at *Otterbourn*, a pleasant village, four miles from Winchester. In Domes-day Book it is called Otreburne, and is described as having a church and a fishery. Hereabout, on the right, a road leads to *Cranbury House*, the seat of N. Dance, esq., which commands a noble prospect of Southampton Water and the Isle of Wight.

We now fall into that part of the road which we have before described, and return to Southampton.

SECTION VII.

From Southampton, through Botley, to Bishop's Waltham, &c.

WE now propose taking the road through Botley, to Bishop's Waltham; returning thence, through Fareham and Titchfield, over Bursledon and Itchen ferries, to Southampton.

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On quitting the town, we leave the London road on our left, and, passing straight forward by *Bellevue*, we enter *Rockstone Lane*,—a deep and romantic hollow; which is soon relieved by a fine opening to the Itchen; where the new bridge over that river is a principal object. Here we see, on an agreeable eminence, *Portswood House*, the residence of Gen. Stibbert. Its characteristic is simple elegance, rather than grandeur. The mansion is fitted up with great taste; and the general has a good collection of paintings. His gardens are excellent, and his shrubberies very extensive. Proceeding up *Bevis Hill*, we find ourselves on *Portswood Green*,—a pleasant spot, adorned with several genteel houses; the most conspicuous of which, on the left, is the residence of Walter Taylor, esq., the proprietor of Wood-mill.

Our road now leads us to *South Stoneham*, about three miles from Southampton, on the bank of the Itchen. Hans Sloane, esq., has a seat here; it is a large and pleasant mansion, though rather old. The parish church

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is in the park.* The salmon fishery of the river belongs to Mr. Sloane; and upwards of seventy fine fish have sometimes been taken at a draught, not far from the dwelling-house.

At the time of the compilation of Domesday Book, Stoneham (then called Stanham) was held by the Bishop of Winchester; and its revenue was appropriated to the clothing of certain monks at Winchester. It had at that time two fisheries, let at thirty-nine pence.

* The Rev. Roger Turner was vicar of this parish at the Restoration of King Charles II. We mention him, on account of his having published a sermon, preached on that occasion, entitled, "God Save the King,—A Sermon preached at Southstoneham, nere Southampton, the xxiii. of April, 1661; being the day of the most happy inauguration of our dread Sovereign Charles the II., King of Great Brittain," &c. As a specimen of the writer's stile and manner, we quote some of his concluding advices:—"Do not," says he to his hearers, "drown your reason to prove your loyalty. Pray for the king's health, but drink only for your own, remembering the poet's advice:

Una salus fanis nullam potare salutem;
Non est in pota vera salute salus.

Go now and ring your bells, but beware in the mean time that you hold not fast Solomon's cords of sin, or the prophet's cart-ropes of iniquity, and thereby pull down judgments upon your heads. You may kindle bonfires in your streets, but beware that you kindle not the flame of God's displeasure against you by your sins.—In a word, for God's sake, for your king's sake, for your own souls' sake, be *good* that you may be *loyal*."

Adjoining Mr. Sloane's grounds, is *Wood-mill*,—the ingenious Mr. Walter Taylor's manufactory of blocks and pumps for the navy. Mr. Taylor's new hand-pump, now used in the navy, is an extremely valuable machine. Every friend of mankind must rejoice, that the accidents, to which ships that spring a leak at sea were liable, from the imperfections of the chain-pump, are happily removed by this ingenious contrivance. It seems rather surprising, that the common pump, whose effects are so well known, should have remained for centuries inadequate to the purposes of the navy. The mechanism adapted by Mr. T. is so important, and, in various particulars, so different from what is in general applied to the common pump, that it may with great propriety be considered as a new invention altogether.—These pumps have been in general use in the navy for several years, and they have answered every expectation Mr. T. first formed, though he has made many improvements on them during that period.*

* Vide English Encyclopædia—article Hydrostatics, part II. ; where figures of the pump are given.

A respectable friend, in whom we can confide for truth and accuracy, has favoured us with the following history of these improvements. The chain-pump, which was formerly considered the best ever introduced into the navy, was improved by Mr. Cole, under the direction of the late Capt. Bentinck. But, in its most perfect state, this machine was liable to fail, by the breaking or stretching of the chain, either of which accidents was attended with unutterable inconvenience and danger, when a ship was in distress at sea. Mr. Cole also introduced a hand-pump into the navy, which was highly esteemed and greatly approved of for a time; till it was found liable to be choked with gravel and sand, and thus often became quite useless in the moments of extreme necessity. Mr. Walter Taylor improved that pump, by introducing a pendulum, instead of a valve, as described in Chambers's Cyclopædia, and the late Mr. G. Adams's Philosophical Lectures, vol. III. p. 492, and plate iii. But, notwithstanding
this

this improvement, a difficulty occurred, which had not hitherto been considered. This arose from the effect which the weather has on the pumps; when it is clear, they will draw 32 feet water; when foul, only 28 feet; and in addition to this, on board the largest ships in the navy, when *full manned*, the atmosphere loses so much more of its spring, as to raise the water no higher than 26 feet. An obstacle of this kind, served but to exercise ingenuity, and to lead to farther improvement. And Mr. Taylor, after expending large sums in various experiments, has at length discovered a method, which is now introducing into the navy, by which a ship may easily be cleared of water, in a short time, *with or without* the atmosphere. By this latest contrivance, four tons of water may be raised in two minutes and a half.

Pursuing our road about a mile farther, we see, on the left, the seat of William Chamberlayne, esq. It is an old house, and only remarkable for having formerly been the

the seat of the gallant Lord Hawke. Not far from hence, about a mile out of our road, is *North Stoneham Park*, the seat of John Fleming, esq. The situation of the house is low; but it has excellent gardens, and an extensive park, finely wooded, and well stocked with deer.

In the church, near the house, is the family burying-place of Mr. Fleming's ancestors, for a great number of years. There is also a superb monument to the memory of Lord Hawke, who is interred here.

Proceeding towards Botley, we pass *Townhill*, the residence of N. Middleton, esq. The mansion is new and spacious, the situation elevated, and the views extensive.

At rather less than eight miles from Southampton, we see, on the left, *Botley Grange*, the seat of — Eyre, esq. In less than another mile, we arrive at *Botley*, a neat village, which is a considerable thoroughfare.

Between one and two miles beyond Botley, we take a turning on the left, as the nearest road to *Bishop's Waltham*; which, in about five

five miles farther, we arrive at. It is a small town, with nothing particularly remarkable. At the time of compiling Domes-day Book, this place was held in demesne by the Bishops of Winchester, whence it received its name of *Bishop's Waltham*. It was then a very considerable village.

At a small distance west of the town, are the ruins of a former palace of the Bishops of Winchester. The site still belongs to that see.

Leland, in his Itinerary, gives us the following account of this place:—"Here the Bishop of Winchester had a right ample and goodly maner place, motid aboute, and a praty brooke renning hard by it.—It hath beene of many bishops' building; most part of the three partes of the base court, was builded of brike and timbre, of late days, by Bishop Langton [who died in 1500]. The residew of the inner part of the house is al of stone."

The celebrated William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, resided here during the

the last three years of his life ; and died in this mansion, anno 1404, in the eightieth year of his age.

This house was demolished in the time of Charles I., by means of a battery, it is supposed, which was planted against the east side.

Quitting Bishop's Waltham, we take the road to *Wickham*, which is distant about five miles.

Wickham (anciently called Wykeham) is a neat village, remarkable only for having been the birth-place of the celebrated character we have mentioned above. William of Wykeham was born here, anno 1324. His parents appear to have been persons of good reputation and character, but in such narrow circumstances, that they were unable to give their son a liberal education. This deficiency in their circumstances was, however, supplied by a generous patron,—most probably Nicholas Uvedale, lord of the manor of Wickham ; who sent him to Winchester for education, where he gave
early

early proofs of his diligence. It would be beyond our plan, to follow him through all his fortunes ; but we must be allowed to remark, that, though a Papist, and a man of less enlightened days than ours, this generous and public-spirited prelate may well be held up as a pattern to Protestant bishops. We do not see him, with a narrow-minded and despicable policy, hoarding up the revenues of his see, to aggrandize his family and connexions. Unlike many miserable characters, whose hearts are as hard and as closely bolted as the chests that contain their riches,—he appears to have had a spirit to make use of the wealth that was bestowed on him. Besides the colleges he founded, and his other public works, his private benevolence was extensive and liberal. He employed his friends in seeking out the most deserving objects of his bounty. His hospitality was large, constant, and universal. His house was open to all ; crowded by the poor and indigent, as well as frequented by the rich and great. Indeed, though we have
but

but few particulars of his temper and private life handed down to us, he seems to have possessed at least *some* of the qualities of a scriptural bishop,—“a steward of God,—not given to filthy lucre,—a lover of hospitality.”

Leaving Wickham, we reach, in somewhat more than three miles, the neat little town of *Fareham*, pleasantly situated at the head of Portsmouth Harbour. In Domesday Book this place is mentioned as having been, by its maritime situation, exposed to the incursions of the Danes; who, it is well known, were, for a long series of years, the terror of the British coasts. At a short distance from the town, is *Cams Hall*, an agreeable residence, the property of John Delmé, esq.

Proceeding towards Titchfield, about three miles distant, we observe, on our right, not far from that town, the ruins of *Titchfield House*, misnamed, by many people, *Titchfield Abbey*. They are situated near the western bank of the Titchfield river, on the spot where formerly stood an abbey of Præmon-

stratenfian * canons, built, anno 1231, by Peter de Rupibus, or de la Roche, Bishop of Winchester, who obtained this manor of Henry III. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. At the suppression, it had an abbot and twelve canons, with a revenue of about 280*l.* per annum. It was granted, in the twenty-ninth year of Henry VIII., to Sir Thomas Wriothesly, then secretary of state to that king; who, as it appears from Leland's Itinerary, on the site, and probably with the materials of the monastery, erected this mansion. His words are: "Mr. Wriothesley hath builded a right stately house, embateld, and having a goodeley gate, and a conducte castelid in the middle of the court of it, yn the very same place wher the late monasterie of Præmonstratenses stooode, cauldyd Tichefelde."

Edward VI. was entertained at this house, in the journey which we have before men-

* This order was originally founded by St. Norbert, of a noble family in Cologne, in Germany, anno 1120, at a place said to be pointed out to him by the Virgin Mary, and thence called *præ monstratum*, that is, "foreshewn." They followed the rule of St. Augustine.—Vide Rapin, vol. I. p. 217, note.

tioned his having made, for the restoration of his health. Here also Charles I. was concealed, in his flight from Hampton Court, anno 1647 ; it was then one of the seats of the Earl of Southampton, where his mother lived, with a small family. Here the king was met by Colonel Hammond, and conveyed to the Isle of Wight.*

The present remains of this mansion are in a very dilapidated state ; but enough of the front is still left, to show that it was, in its time, a stately and handsome building. At present, it is the property of J. Delmé, esq. Few of the apartments now remain ; and we must leave the owner to excuse himself to the lovers of antiquities, for his late depredations on the building ; as he has demolished sixteen of the apartments within these few years, for the sake of the materials. One of these was an armory. From the leads of the house we have a pleasing view of Titchfield, with the corn lands and pastures around it, and a distant prospect of the sea, and part of the Isle of Wight.

* Vide Grose's Antiquities, vol. II. and Supplement.

At a short distance from the house, are the stables, which in size and magnificence were every way suited to the dignity of the mansion.

We now arrive at *Titchfield*, a small, neat town, with several pretty houses. It is no borough, and has neither mayor nor bailiff, but the principal officer is the constable.

Titchfield church is worth a visit. It is a roomy building, very decently fitted up, and has a neat organ. The building is of different dates; the south side appears to be the oldest, and the architecture seems to be Saxon. The north side is Gothic; and is said to have been the gift of William of Wickham. The north chancel contains the communion table. At some height, on each side of the east window, are two Gothic niches, which probably once contained images. There are also some niches in one of the walls, the use of which is not so obvious, except of one of them, which was probably for holy water,—that potent scarecrow of the Romish church.

There

There are several monuments here; the most curious is an old one of W. Chamberlayne, esq., of Beaulieu, Hants, and Margaret his wife, with their two sons and daughters, who died early in the seventeenth century. Their figures are represented kneeling. The monument is of a kind of white stone, not unlike marble.

The body of the church belongs to, and is kept in repair by the parish; the north chancel, by the lord of the manor. The south chancel ought to be kept in repair by the Duke of Portland, but at present it is sadly neglected. It is not used for the purposes of public worship, being separated from the rest of the building; but it contains a very fine monument, which it is surely worth an effort to preserve. This is a large, square erection, to the memory of Sir Thomas Wriothesly, first Earl of Southampton, Lady Jane his wife, and Henry their eldest son.

That part of the monument on which the lady reclines, is considerably raised above the

rest: she is habited in the fashion of her times, according to the dignity of her rank: she died in 1574. On her right, below, is the effigies of Sir Thomas, her husband; who, the inscription informs us, "for his virtue and worthiness, was created knight of the garter, Baron of Titchfield, Earl of Southampton, one of the especial chosen and trusted executors of the last will and testament of Henry VIII.:" he died in 1551.* On the left of his mother, is the representation of Henry Wriothesly, the son, in armour, who died in the thirty-sixth year of his age, but the date of the year of his death is omitted. On the tomb lies an ancient sword, and a fragment of armour.

In one of the side walls is another monument, of a young child of the Wriothesly family. And above it hangs a kind of

* So the inscription on the monument informs us. But Rapin, quoting Stowe's Annals, says, that he died at his house called Lincoln Place, in Holborn (afterwards Southampton House), July 30, 1550, and was buried in St. Andrew's, where a fair monument was erected to his memory.—Rapin's History of England, vol. II. p. 19, note 2.—There are evidently imperfections in the date of the Titchfield monument; so that most probably the historian is in the right.

trophy,— a helmet, coronet, crest, and banner.

When we read, on the monumental marble, of the “virtue and worthiness” of the silent occupier of the vault beneath, we must by no means forget, that the maxim, “*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*,” has seldom been departed from by family partiality. Were the characters of men to be collected from their epitaphs, we should be continually thinking, that the present age was beyond all comparison worse than any of the preceding. But so many a stone has been made the vehicle of unfounded eulogy, that we have been ready to give them, in a general way, the deserved though distressing reception of the whole tribe of falsifiers,—and not to believe them, even when they may, occasionally, speak the truth.

Whatever “virtue and worthiness” in *domestic life*, the Lord Chancellor Wriothesly might have possessed, history will dispute his title to any great share of them, as a *public* man. His religious opinions are said to have

have been entirely repugnant to the Reformation. "He was extremely ambitious, very conceited of his own merit, haughty, imperious, and very angry that his advice was not always followed. This made him extremely troublesome in the council, where no one could oppose his opinion, without being liable to be treated with bitter and offensive language." *

Hume represents him to have been "a man of an active spirit and high ambition,"—"otherwise a person of merit, but intoxicated with religious zeal." But a foul spot rests on his character, in the affair of the amiable martyr, Anne Askew; and there seems little reason to doubt the truth of the charge.† It is said, that the chancellor went to the tower, where this lady was imprisoned, to endeavour to extort from her a confession, which would have proved prejudicial to some of her friends; that he ordered her to be put to the rack, and, with inquisi-

* Rapin, vol. II. p. 4.

† Rapin, vol. I. p. 845.—Hume, vol. III. pp. 278, 279.

torial cruelty, would himself be present at the torture. And when he saw that the executioner, moved with pity to a suffering female, forbore to exercise her with the severest pain, this man, "of heart so hard, and buttoned up with steel," is said to have so far forgotten both his manhood and his nobility, as to put his own hand to the rack, stretching it so violently as almost to tear her body asunder. But none of his tortures could shake the firmness of this heroic woman: her faith and her constancy remained steadfast. Her God was her support: and, to the last breath, whether on the rack, or amidst the flames, the "glorious sufferer" could by no means be prevailed on to dishonour her Redeemer, by recanting his truth, nor to injure her friends, by betraying their confidence.

There is another monument, in a corner of the church, to the memory of Lucie Quinbe Bromfeld, who died in 1610; which deserves notice, on account of the curious epitaph; where, amidst many other encomiums, the disconsolate husband extols
his

his departed spouse, and satirizes the generality of wives, in the following couplet :

“ If any fault, she loved me too much :

Ah ! pardon that ; for there are too few
such !”

We would advise any lady, who may think herself aggrieved by this censure on her sex, to go and become one of these “ few ;”—so shall she assist in increasing their number.

From Titchfield, if our traveller is on horseback, his nearest road to Southampton will be by Bursledon and Itchen, across the ferries. A carriage, however, must seek the best road to Botley, and return by that way. But we are happy to say, that a plan, which is now carrying into execution, will soon greatly improve this part of the tour ; as bridges are erecting over these ferries, which will save carriages a circuit of nine miles, in their road to Portsmouth and Gosport, as well as prevent horsemen from being detained by the ferries.

From Titchfield to *Bursledon* is four miles. At the latter place, the ship-building business is carried on by Mr. Parsons, who has
added

added several fine vessels to our navy. Indeed, the commodiousness of the creek, and the plenty of timber in the country behind it, were not unnoticed by our forefathers; as two eighty-gun ships are said to have been built here in King William's time.

From Bursledon to Itchen is about four miles. Soon after crossing the ferry, we see, on our left, the parish church, an old building, exhibiting various marks of the *taste* of the rustic churchwardens who have directed its repairs.

From a steep hill, we descend into a bottom; on the right, we observe a windmill,—on the left, a quiet, woody vale. Proceeding on our road, we cross a variety of ground, some of it barren common, stretching to a wide extent, and at length reach another bottom, with a windmill on the left, and *the Miller's Pond* on the right. Had the traveller journeyed this way some years ago,—when the shades of evening were advancing,—when the moon was at that particular part of her course, which is most favourable to the illusions of romance,—or when the
gather-

gathering tempest had involved the night in more than usual gloom, with now and then a flash of lightning, to make the succeeding darkness more horrid,—he must needs have put himself in posture for more than mortal scenes, and must have prepared some terrific incantation, to scare away the wandering *ghost* :

“Avaunt ! and quit my sight : let the earth hide thee !”

“Why dost thou shake thy gory locks at me ;
Thou canst not say I did it !”

If it be asked,—why all this ?—Let the reader understand, that, many years since, a young woman was discovered drowned in this pond. Her sweetheart was accused of the murder, and brought to trial for it ; but was acquitted. Vulgar superstition for a long time asserted, that her apparition was often seen to glide along the banks of the pond. Time, however, has worn away the story ; and, for aught we can hear, the spectre has very civilly withdrawn herself from public notice, even without the formality of being *laid in the Red Sea*.

Not

Not far from the pond, we enter a pleasant lane, which soon brings us to *Itchen Ferry*; which we cross, and, in a few minutes, reenter Southampton.

SECTION VIII.

Excursion to Netley Abbey.

WE now propose an excursion to Netley Abbey. This is most frequently made by water, either from Itchen Ferry, or Southampton Quay. But those who prefer crossing the ferry and walking thither, will find the road extremely pleasant, and the distance about three miles.

In the walk, we see *Woolston House*, the property of N. Dance, esq. It is but little used by the family, though the situation is highly pleasing. We next pass through *Weston*, a small village, peopled by fishermen.

Adjoining this is the pleasant cottage of Mrs. Rattray.

After a field or two, we enter a delightful coppice, which leads us to *Netley Abbey*. The approach to this ruin, either by this way or from the shore, is very striking. The situation is low, and beautifully sequestered. The quiet sea views, and the fine wood scenery, greatly add to the solemnly pleasing effect of the majestic ruins.

The remains of these *self-named religious* houses (for we may justly question their *right* to that title) are visited with very different sensations by *thinking* men,* according to their various prepossessions. One, perhaps, who may think that *religion* was injured by the blow that our forefathers struck at *superstition*, may almost venerate the ruins and the dust of the consecrated spot.†

* When we say *thinking* men, we beg to be understood as excepting the whole tribe of those who never think seriously on any subject; and who visit this place, as they do another, merely "to stare about them, and to eat."

† Dr. Johnson would not remain in the area of a dilapidated church in the Isle of Rasay, without taking off his hat.
—Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, p. 194.

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Another, who has drunk deeper into a Protestant spirit, and who has a higher sense of the sacred nature of the rights of conscience, contemplates the ruins of these buildings with a degree of complacency. He sees the finger of God in their demolition, and he rejoices in it. He views them, in their present state, as the harmless monuments of departed Antichrist; and he is willing that their mouldering and ivy-mantled walls should remain undisturbed, to remind his fellow-countrymen in what a privileged day their lot is cast.

But, all prepossessions apart, Netley ruins are calculated to induce a solemn stillness on the reflecting mind,—not unfavourable to the most important considerations,—friendly to deep and serious musings on life and death, time and eternity,—“the inevitable hour,”—“the bourn from which no traveller e’er returns.”

The scenes of Netley have more than once been friendly to the Muse. Mr. Keate’s poem is well known: the following effusion

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of

of the "plaintive lyre" of Bowles, shall speak for itself:

"Fall'n pile! I ask not what has been thy fate,—
 But when the weak winds, wafted from the main,
 Thro' each lone arch, like spirits that complain,
 Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
 On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
 Of those who once might proudly in their prime
 Have stood, with giant port; till bow'd by time
 Or injury, their ancient boast forgot,
 They might have sunk, like thee: tho' thus forlorn,
 They lift their head, with venerable hairs
 Besprent, majestick yet, and as in scorn
 Of mortal vanities and short-lived cares:
 Ev'n so dost thou, lifting thy forehead grey,
 Smile at the tempest, and time's sweeping sway."

We know but little of the history of this abbey. It seems most probable that it was founded by Henry III., in 1239; who (according to Tanner) brought hither a certain number of monks * from Beaulieu; and
 dedi-

* These monks, as well as those at Beaulieu, were Cistercians; so called from Cistercium, or Cîteaux, in France, where they had their origin. Their rules were very austere; and, *had they been strictly complied with*, must have debarred these monastics from all the comforts of life.—Absurdities such as these were the consequence of the irrational and unscriptural idea, that the sufferings of the body might atone for the sins of the soul.—And to such an extreme were these notions carried, by some among the Papists in the darker times
 (who

dedicated the monastery to the Virgin Mary and St. Edward. About the dissolution, they consisted of an abbot and twelve monks; whose possessions were then valued, according to Dugdale, at 100l. 12s. 8d.,— according to Speed, 160l. 2s. 9d.

The site of the abbey was granted, by Henry VIII., to Sir W. Paulet. About the middle of the sixteenth century, it was the seat of one of the Earls of Hertford; and, since that, it is said to have been fitted up and inhabited by an Earl of Huntingdon; who converted part of the chapel into a kitchen and other offices, still reserving the

(who probably were pretty sharply visited by compunctions of conscience), that a Popish author gives us a notable story of one Godric, a countryman of ours, in the twelfth century, who, for a long course of years, wore a shirt of horse-hair next his skin; went about barefoot in all weathers; ate no bread, but that which was made of barley, mixed with a certain proportion of ashes, and kept till it was several months old; and allowed himself no sleep, while he could by any means keep his eyes open; and when he at length yielded to the absolute demands of nature, the earth was his bed, and a stone was his pillow. He even tortured himself, at times, by standing up to his neck in cold water, in the severest seasons, whilst he was repeating a certain number of prayers; and he would also occasionally roll his naked body over a quantity of sharp thorns, which he had scattered on the ground for that purpose.

—Vide Harpsfeldi Hist. Angl. Eccl. p. 407.

eastern end for the purposes of worship. It seems afterwards, that a Mr. Taylor, of Southampton, agreed with this nobleman for the purchase of so much of its materials, as he could carry away in a certain space of time; a contract, which, we are informed, ended in the death of Taylor, and left the building in its present state.

The most authentic particulars of this story seem to be as follow:—After Mr. Taylor had made the contract, he dreamed one night that the arch key-stone of one of the windows fell from its situation, and fractured his scull. Communicating his dream to some of his friends, they advised him against being personally concerned in the demolition of the abbey. But neither the dream nor their advice had sufficient weight with him, to prevent him from assisting in the work; and in removing some boards from the window he had dreamed of, he is said to have loosened the key-stone, and fulfilled his dream. The fracture was not, at first, deemed to be mortal, but the
sur-

surgeon's instrument slipping, in the operation of extracting a splinter, entered the brain, and caused immediate death.

Whether or not the above account is true, or to whatever cause it may be owing, the abbey has not been entirely demolished.— The ruins are at present the property of N. Dance, esq.

There is another dreaming story also, belonging to this abbey, which has again and again been asserted for fact; tho' we cannot pretend to vouch for the truth of it. It is said, that a farmer's labourer having repeatedly dreamed of money being concealed in a certain part of the ruins, at length took an opportunity of searching for it; and that he actually found a chest, containing old coins, to a considerable amount. But the story adds, that the man, after finding the treasure, was imprudent enough to inform his master of the discovery; and that the farmer took such measures, as effectually deprived the poor fellow of his acquisition.

In visiting the ruins, the first part we enter was formerly called the Fountain Court.

It

It is a large, square area, and has some trees in it. The ivy-clad ruins all around, give it an air of great solemnity. The only apartments that remain, are those on the right of this court. One of these was probably the refectory, or dining-hall of the monastery. Adjoining it, on the right, are the pantry and kitchen. The latter is a large, vaulted room. Mr. Grose inclines to think, from the mouldings about the chimney-piece of the kitchen, which seem more modern than the other parts of the building, that this was the kitchen said to have been made by the Earl of Huntingdon. The hole on the right hand, pointed out as a subterraneous passage to the neighbouring castle, was most likely a vault or drain to the abbey.

From the other end of the dining-hall, we pass, through a ruined room and a passage, into the chapter-house, a well proportioned room, adorned, on each side, by three arches, which, when perfect, united at the top in ribs, and supported a vaulted roof. Adjoining these, are two smaller rooms, from whence

whence there is an entrance to the great church, by the cross aisle.

Part of the church still remains: it was built in the form of a cross, and, though very greatly defaced, still shows that it was once an elegant building. A small part of the beautiful arched cieling was standing till within these few years.

We have seen a curious ancient monumental plate, which was formerly, it is probable, affixed to a tomb in the church at Netley. It represents a knight and his lady kneeling, with a scroll proceeding from each of their mouths. On that of the knight, is inscribed in Latin, a quotation from one of the Psalms:—"This one thing will I ask of the Lord, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord:" on that of the lady, another quotation, signifying,—“My heart said unto thee, Thy face will I seek.”

The plate, which measures about 18 by 20 inches, is ornamented with several emblems, some of which seem designed to represent roses and thistles. It has no date or inscription; but

but an antiquary would be assisted in guessing at its age, by the dresses of the figures. It appears to be a composition of copper and some other metal. It is very hard; as may well be believed, when the reader is informed, that it served many years for the ignoble purpose of a back to a fire-place; notwithstanding which, it is still very perfect. It was sold, a considerable time ago, much obscured with filth and rust, to a tradesman of Southampton, as a piece of old metal. He gave it to a friend, whom curiosity induced to clean it; and it has since been carefully preserved.

It is vulgarly supposed, that the ruined castle, or rather fort, on the shore, was connected with the monastery, and intended for the defence of it. But this is an erroneous notion; as Netley Fort was most probably built by Henry VIII., at the time of his erecting the other castles for the defence of the coasts in this part of the kingdom.

SECTION^t

SECTION IX.

Excursion through Itchen Village to Bittern Farm, the site of the ancient Clausentum; with an Account of St. Dionysius's Priory.

THAT we may leave no part of this neighbourhood undescribed, we now propose a walk through Itchen Village to Bittern Farm, the site of the ancient Clausentum.

Itchen Village is a flourishing place: it supplies Southampton Market with fish. The inhabitants are quite peculiar in their manners. Any settlers in their district, who were not born there, they consider as foreigners. The men are mostly employed in navigating their fishing-smacks, while the women carry to market the produce of their husbands' labours.

Through Itchen Village we ascend to *Pear-tree Green*,—a very pleasant, elevated spot, commanding fine views of Southampton and its neighbourhood. This situation

ation takes its name from a pear-tree at the upper end of it, which is probably extremely old, as it is fast sinking to utter decay.

Pear-tree Church is a chapel of ease to St. Mary's, which stands on the other side of the river. It was erected at the expence of Richard Smith, esq., who also built the neighbouring mansion, at present inhabited by G. Waring, esq.; who has a picture of Mr. Smith in his possession.

Capt. Smith having been at more than 500l. expence in building this place of worship, it was consecrated by Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, on Sunday, Sept. 17, 1620,—the eighteenth year of James I., under the name of Jesus Chapel. In the instrument which was presented to the bishop, stating the reasons for erecting this chapel, it is alledged, that the inhabitants of the village of Weston, and the hamlets of Itchen, Woolston, Ridgeway, and part of Bittern Manor (all in the parish of St. Mary's), not only dwell far from their
parish-

parish-church, "but are also divided from the same by the great river of Itchen, where the passage is very broad, and often dangerous; and very many times, on the days appointed for common prayer; &c., so tempestuous, as the river cannot be passed.— Besides, in the fairest weather, at their return from church, they press so thick into the boat for haste home, that often it proves dangerous, and ever fearful, especially to old, impotent, sickly people, and to young children. Many times also they are forced to baptize their children in private houses, the water not being passable: and when they lie sick, they are without comfort to their souls, and die without any ghostly advice or counsel; their own minister not being able to visit them, by reason of the roughness of the water;" &c.*

After the ceremony of consecration, the Rev. M. Robinson, B. D., a relation of the founder, preached to the congregation from Gen. xxviii. 16, 17.

* Vide Bishop Andrews's Form of Consecration of a Church or Chapel; printed at the end of Sparrow's Rationale upon the Book of Common Prayer, 12mo. 1672.

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At

At the celebration of the sacrament, the alms of the receivers amounted to 4l. 12s. and 2d.; with which the bishop directed a chalice to be purchased, for the use of the congregation.

The services of the morning being concluded, the bishop and his attendants, with a large company of guests, dined with Mr. Smith, in his adjoining mansion.

After dinner, the bishop proceeded to consecrate the burying-ground, which is described as being inclosed with a decent rail of timber, and planted round with trees.—It was represented, that a church-yard was highly necessary there, because, from the danger of passing the river, “it often cometh to pass that they have been constrained to bury their dead in the open fields, the water not being passable; or, if they durst venture over, yet the dead body was followed with so little company, as was no way seemly.”

The church-yard having been consecrated, the people returned into the church, where the Rev. Matthew Wren preached, from
John

John ii. 17; and the services of the day were concluded.

In token of the subjection of this chapel of ease to the mother-church of St. Mary, the parishioners on this side of the water are enjoined, once a year, at Easter or Whitsuntide, if possible, to receive the sacrament at the church of St. Mary. Liberty was also given to Mr. Smith, his heirs, &c., to nominate a minister to officiate in the chapel (first submitting him to the bishop, for his approbation and licence); on condition of such minister being allowed, by Mr. Smith and the inhabitants, a stipend of not less than twenty marks per annum.

With respect to the statements we have quoted above, as to the danger of crossing the river Itchen, we cannot but observe, that they are scarcely to be reconciled with the present state of the ferry. Indeed, there is so seldom any risque in passing it now-a-days, that there are scarcely six successive hours in a twelvemonth, in which it may not safely be attempted.

R2

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The neat little white house which we see on the left of *Pear-tree Green*, is the property of A. Munton, esq., who has altered and improved it, with a great deal of judgment. Taking the road to Bittern, we pass *Ridge-way*, the seat of T. W. Lewin, esq. The house is neat; the views nearly such as we have before described on *Pear-tree Green*. Mr. Lewin's wood, on the bank of the Itchen, is particularly pleasant.

As we proceed, we see, on the right, *Sidney Farm*, the residence of Lady Rumbold: adjoining it, is Major Sinclair's tasty little cottage, once the residence of the celebrated Miss Minifies. On the adjoining common, the army which the Earl of Moira conducted to Ostend, was encamped, in the year 1794, previous to its embarkation.

Descending into a fine valley, we observe, on the rising ground on our right, *Midanbury Lodge*, the seat of R. Johnson, esq., enjoying very pleasing views. On our left, is *Chessel*, the residence of David Lance, esq. We do not see this beautiful situation to advantage from the new road. From the former

mer one, which passed in front of the house, we had the whole valley before us. The mansion is elegantly simple. It seems to stand just where it should stand, and to be exactly the building it ought to be, for the view it commands. Certainly there are more garish houses, as well as more grand and extensive prospects to be met with, in other situations. But Chessel, being screened by a wood from the broad and busy estuary of Southampton Water, seems modestly to retreat from general notice, and to court the quiet, rural, inland view which it enjoys. We must, however, be excused for saying, that we think some of the offices, particularly those of the farm, injure the general beauty of the scene, by their conspicuous situation, so near the mansion.

On the opposite side is *Bittern Lodge*, the residence of James Dott, esq. A little farther, is *Bittern Farm*,—the ancient Clausentum.

A few years ago, the Rev. Mr. Warner was struck with the probability of this place
R3 being

being the site of the ancient Clausentum. He was led to examine whatever had been written on the subject, and to compare it with the observations that occurred to him on actual inspection; attending nicely to those local circumstances, which so greatly assist an inquirer, in matters of this nature. The result was, that he ventured to pronounce, without hesitation, that Bittern Farm was the spot on which the Clausentum of Antoninus formerly stood.

The circumstances which particularly weighed with Mr. Warner, in fixing this conclusion, were, the evident vestiges of Roman labour, to be discerned in the fortification of the place, the fragments of Roman bricks, and the many coins of that people, which had been, from time to time, found in this neighbourhood.*

The late discoveries made at Bittern, in the formation of the new bridge over the Itchen, &c., have fully confirmed whatever

* Vide Warner's Attempt to ascertain the Situation of the Ancient Clausentum.

Mr. Warner had previously advanced as conjectural.

An account of these discoveries, with an engraved plan of the situation, has lately been published in vol. I. of the Hampshire Repository; which, as it is accurate and authentic, we shall transcribe.

“In some adjoining fields were found a number of earthen vases, containing ashes; and a square green glass bottle, filled with bones; which mouldered away on being exposed to the air. Many coins and medals have been found in every part within the ditches; and some below high-water mark: they are chiefly of the Emperors who reigned between Claudius and Constantine; of the latter there are many. A small pot was found filled with the coin of the usurper Alectus; the reverse was a galley; but there was a difference in every one of these, either in the mast, oars, or rowers.

“These coins have been laid before the President of the Antiquarian Society, who has distinguished a small silver coin of Gordianus

dianus Africanus the Elder, as being rare. On some of these coins the impresson is as fresh as if just delivered from the die. The walls towards the water were in some places below the present high-water mark; and there are remains of Roman pavements along the beach, which are now washed and undermined by the tide. Among the foundations have been found half columns, and some stones sculptured with rich architectural ornaments.*

The time when Clausentum became a station, has also been a subject of dispute; but Mr. Warner, having examined the arguments on all sides, and urged his reasons for the opinion he entertains, pronounces it to have been formed under the direction of Vespasian, during the period of his continuance in the southern parts of Britain†

“Some time in the thirteenth century, Bittern Farm became attached to the see of

* Vide Hampshire Repository, vol. I. p. 113.—This work, which is to be continued annually, proposes to give plates of some of the coins, &c., in the succeeding volume.

† Attempt to ascertain, &c., chap. ii.

Winchester, and one of its bishops built, on the site of the old station (and probably with part of the materials of the castellum), a fort, or house of defence. Of this erection, we apprehend, the old stone building, now converted into a barn, may be deemed a portion, for, in the upper part of the wall, next the ditch, are loop-holes, to permit the discharge of arrows by those within the building; and in the barn are plain vestiges of a floor, at such a height that men standing upon it might conveniently shoot through the loop-holes above mentioned. At the south end of this barn, and annexed to it, are the remains of a stone gateway. There are many other remains, but in such a state of ruin, that it would be difficult to point out their original designation." *

Opposite Bittern, is the village of *Northam*,—for a long course of years famous for ship-building; but which is no longer carried on there. Bishop Gibson, in his additions to Camden, mentions a gold coin hav-

* Vide Southampton Guide, published by T. Baker, chap. v.
ing

ing been found at Northam ; which has led to a conjecture, that this place might have been connected with the station Clausentum.

On the opposite bank of the river, but higher up than Bittern, is the small ruin of *St. Denis's Priory*, situated on Gen. Stibbert's estate. The best way of approaching it is by a boat, up the Itchen. The sail will be pleasant, tho' there is little to be seen of the priory.

St. Dionysius's Priory was most probably built by Henry I., about 1124. He placed in it a society of black canons, with a prior over them; and endowed it with certain revenues by charter. King Stephen, Henry II., Richard I., and Edward IV. are also among its royal benefactors. Their donations, however, were not very large:—that of the last mentioned monarch was a pipe of red wine, for the celebration of mass, to be delivered to the canons at Southampton, by the king's butler.

Among private donations to the monastery, the most remarkable are the following:

William

William Musard gave them 3s. annual rent, to be paid quarterly, on condition of their finding a wax candle, before the altar of the Virgin, in the church of their monastery, where his sister Jane lay buried. Walter de Chalke and his wife bequeathed them two pieces of money annually, for the good of their souls, and on account of the kindness shown to them by these canons. Another benefactor granted them the privilege of feeding thirty hogs in his woods. But although various donations were bestowed on them from time to time, their revenue, at the dissolution, was by no means extravagant. Speed gives the largest account; and his does not exceed 91l. 9s. per annum. Indeed, if a story, which some of the monkish writers relate, be true, this may be accounted for. They tell us, that one Odo, whom they call abbot of this house, in 1245, gave great gifts of the goods of this community to the Pope, in order to obtain of him the archbishopric of Rohan; but they add, that he did not enjoy it above a year, being suddenly struck dead;

dead; which was considered as a judgment from heaven on the abbot, for his fraud and simony.

The only part of the priory which now remains, appears to be the western end of its place of worship.

A

TOUR

OF THE

ISLE OF WIGHT.

“ This little world,
This precious stone, set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall.”

SECTION I.

From Southampton to Newport.

THE voyage from Southampton to the Isle of Wight is extremely pleasant. A packet sails every morning. The passage, with a favourable breeze, has sometimes been made in an hour and half. As we fall down the

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noble

noble estuary of Southampton Water,* we see behind us, along the shores of the upper part of the bay, Freemantle House, and, above it, the fanciful but pleasant cottage of James Amyatt, esq., one of the members for Southampton: beyond this is the village of Milbrook. On the opposite side, is Eling, which appears to great advantage. Still keeping our eye along this finely wooded shore, we see Hythe; and beyond it, as we advance, Cadland, Fawley, and Calshot Castle. On the eastern bank, are Woolston House and Netley Fort. Farther on, Hamble Village, and Hook House, the magnificent mansion of Governor Hornsby, on either side of the Hamble river, attract our notice. This voyage has been elegantly described by Mr. Bowles:

* The fine bay, commonly called Southampton Water, is an arm of the sea, which receives the rivers Test and Itchen. The Test has its source near Whitchurch, flows through Stockbridge and Romsey, and reaches the salt water at Redbridge. The Itchen rises at Cheriton, a few miles from Alresford, and flows, in a very circuitous stream, to Winchester; whence it is navigable for barges to Northam, near Southampton. These rivers are remarkable for producing very fine salmon, in great abundance.

"Smooth went our boat upon the summer seas,
 Leaving (for so it seem'd) the world behind,
 Its sounds of mingled uproar: we, reclin'd
 Upon the sunny deck, heard but the breeze
 That o'er us whispering pass'd, or idly play'd
 With the lithe flag aloft. A woodland scene
 On either side drew its slope line of green,
 And hung the water's shining edge with shade.
 Above the woods, Netley! thy ruins pale
 Peer'd, as we pass'd; and Vesta's* azure hue
 Beyond the misty castle met the view;
 Where in mid channel hung the scarce-seen sail.
 So all was calm and sunshine as we went
 Cheerly o'er the briny element.
 Oh! were this little boat to us the world,
 As thus we wander'd far from sounds of care,
 Circled with friends and gentle maidens fair,
 Whilst morning airs the waving pennant curl'd,
 How sweet were life's long voyage, till in peace
 We gain'd that haven still, where all things cease!"

After passing Calshot, Eaglehurst Tower
 presents itself, and Spithead opens to our
 view. West Cowes is now in sight, which
 we soon reach. Our voyage has been about
 16 miles.

West Cowes is the principal port of the
 island. It stands on the declivity of a hill.
 The town is not so handsomely built as
 might be wished; but the situation is airy

* The Isle of Wight.

and healthy, as well as convenient for sea-bathing. West Cowes has a castle, built in 1539, by Henry VIII. There is nothing particularly remarkable in its construction. East Cowes, a small town, on the opposite shore, had its castle also in former days. Leland, in his Itinerary, speaks of them both: "Ther be 2 new castelles" (says he) "sette up and furnisid at the mouth of Newporte: that that is sette up on the este syde of the haven, is caullid the Est Cow; and that that is sette up at the west syde is caullid the West Cow, and is the bigger castle of the 2."

From Cowes we proceed to *Newport*, the capital of the island, about five miles distant. On the road, not far from the latter place, we see the spacious, newly erected barracks. Newport is a pleasant and populous town, governed by a mayor, aldermen, &c. The corporation sends two members to parliament. The river Medina forms a communication by water between Newport and Cowes; so that barges, and vessels of small bur-

burthen come up hither. The town is well paved, and the streets are kept clean. The dwelling-houses are decent; some of the shops very neat; and the inns large, and well calculated for accommodation. There are also assembly-rooms and a theatre. The free-school, which is a handsome room, is remarkable for having been the place in which the commissioners from the Parliament held a conference with Charles I.

SECTION II.

From Newport to Carisbrook Castle, Freshwater, Yarmouth, &c.

FROM Newport we would recommend the three following routes, which will take up three days, and will comprise as much of the island as a general observer may choose to see.*

* It would be disingenuous not to confess ourselves indebted, for this part of our plan, to Mr. Windham's Picture of the Isle of Wight; to which we with pleasure refer those whom leisure may permit, or inclination may lead, to explore all the various beautiful scenes of this delightful island.

Our first day's journey is about 36 miles. This may be called the western circuit of the island; and it extends as far as Freshwater and Yarmouth.

We take the road for Carisbrook Castle, about a mile and half from Newport. The village is situated beneath the castle. Mr. Warner thinks that a British town or city stood somewhere hereabout; for, says he, "*Caer broc* (the probable original name) is a Celtic compound, signifying *the city or town of yew trees*."* The parish-church is a very ancient building, even dating its first foundation before the Conquest. Carisbrook had formerly a convent of Cistercian monks, on the site of which stands a farmhouse, called the Priory.

Carisbrook Castle is a venerable monument of antiquity. Nothing certain can be said, as to its age. It is highly probable, that both the ancient Britons and the Romans might have availed themselves of this advantageous situation; but, however that may be, no part of the present building can lay

* Vide Warner's History of the Isle of Wight, p. 4, note.

claim

claim to so high an antiquity. It is said to have been re-edified in the reign of Henry I., by Richard de Redvers, one of the lords of the island; so that, according to this account, it must have been built considerably before that time, to have stood in need of repairs. It was also greatly repaired in Queen Elizabeth's days.

Baldwin de Redvers, one of those barons who took up arms against King Stephen, being driven from his castle at Exeter, shut himself up in this fortress. Stephen, however, soon attacked him, and took the castle at the first assault. Baldwin found means to escape, and died in exile.

But the most remarkable particular respecting this castle, is its having been the prison of Charles I. The window at which the monarch attempted to escape, is still pointed out to those who visit Carisbrook.

Mr. Gilpin's account of the imprisonment of Charles, is so interesting, and so well written, that we shall make no apology for transcribing it.

“Colonel

“Colonel Hammond, into whose power Charles threw himself, was then governor of the Isle of Wight. He seems to have been a man of humanity; and, while his hands were untied, was disposed to show the king every civility in his power. Charles took his exercise on horseback, where he pleased; though his motions were probably observed; and, as the Parliament had granted him 5000*l.* a year, he lived a few months in something like royal state.

“But this liberty was soon abridged; his chaplains and servants were first taken from him; then his going abroad in the island gave offence; and soon after, his intercourse with any body, but those set about him. So solitary were his hours, during a great part of his confinement, that as he was one day standing near the gate of the castle, with Sir Philip Warwick, he pointed to an old decrepit man, walking across one of the courts, and said, That man is sent every morning to light my fire; and is the best companion I have had for many months.

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"All this severe usage, Charles bore with patience and equanimity; and endeavoured as much as possible to keep his mind employed. He had ever been impressed with serious thoughts of religion, which his misfortunes had now strengthened and confirmed. Devotion, meditation, and reading the scriptures, were his great consolation. The few books he had brought with him into the castle, were chiefly on religious subjects, or of a serious cast. Among them was Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity. This book, it is probable, he had studied with great attention; as it related much to the national questions of that time, in which no man was better versed. In his slender catalogue we find also two books of amusement, Tasso's Jerusalem, and Spencer's Fairy Queen. If Charles (continues Mr. Gilpin) had acted with as much judgment as he read, and had shown as much *discernment in life*, as he had *taste in the arts*, he might have figured among the greatest princes.

"His exercise was now much abridged. He was skilled in horsemanship, and fond of riding.

riding. But as this was refused, he spent two or three hours every morning in walking on the ramparts of the castle. Here he enjoyed at least a fine air, and an extensive prospect; though every object he saw, the flocks straying carelessly on one side, and the ships sailing freely on the other, put him in mind of that liberty of which he was so cruelly deprived.—In the mean time, he was totally careless of his person. He let his beard and his hair grow, and was inattentive to his dress.

“During the time of his imprisonment in Carisbrook Castle, three attempts were made, chiefly by the gentlemen of the island, to rescue him. Lord Clarendon gives us the detail of two of them; but a third, which he had heard of, he supposes to have been a mere fiction. As it is mentioned, however, in the Worsley papers, with every mark of authenticity, and as one of the principal conductors of it was a gentleman of that family, there seems to be little doubt of its being a fact. The following is an abstract of it.

“By

“By a correspondence privately settled with some gentlemen in the island, it was agreed, that the king should let himself down by a cord from a window in his apartment. A swift horse, with a guide, was to wait for him at the bottom of the ramparts; and a vessel in the offing was to be ready to convey him where he pleased. The chief difficulty was, how the king should get through the iron bars of his window. But Charles assured them he had tried the passage, and did not doubt but it was sufficiently large. But on the sign being given, and the king beginning the attempt, he soon found he had made a false calculation. Having protruded his head and shoulders, he could get no farther; and what was worse, he could not draw himself back. His friends at the bottom heard him groan in his distress, but were unable to relieve him. At length, however, by repeated efforts, he got himself disengaged; but made, at that time, no farther attempt. Afterwards he contrived to saw the bars of his window asunder;

der; and another scheme was laid; but the particulars of this, Lord Clarendon details.

"The treaty at Newport soon followed; after which Charles was seized by the army, and carried a prisoner to Hurst Castle. In his way thither he met Mr. Worsley, one of the gentlemen who risked his life for him at Carisbrook. Charles wrung his hand with affection, and pulling his watch out of his pocket, gave it to him, saying,—“That is all my gratitude has to give.”

“This watch is still preserved in the family. It is of silver, large and clumsy in its form. The case is neatly ornamented with filigree; but the movements are of very ordinary workmanship, and wound up with catgut.”*

The present appearance of this venerable ruin is described with great exactness by that able antiquary and draughtsman, the late Capt. Grose; from whose superb work we extract the following particulars.—The walls which still remain of the ancient part

* Gilpin on the Western Parts of England, pp. 316—325.

of the castle enclose a space, whose area is about an acre and half; its shape is nearly that of a right-angled parallelogram, with the angles rounded off: the greatest length is from east to west. The entrance is on the west side, over a bridge in a curtain between two bastions; then through a small gate, over which is a shield containing a date (probably that of its repair by Elizabeth); from this by a passage, having on each side an embattled wall, and under a very handsome machicolated gate, flanked with two round towers. The old door, with its wicket opening into the castle yard, is still remaining. It is formed of strong lattice work, having at each end a piece of iron, kept down by a strong nail.

On the right is a small chapel, with a burying-ground walled in; over the door is carved G. 2nd, 1738; and on the east side is a stone tablet, showing it was repaired during the government of Lord Lymington: at present there is no service performed in it.

Farther on, on the left hand or north side, are several ruins of low buildings, said

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to be those where Charles I. was confined; and in one of them is the window where he attempted to escape. Beyond these are the barracks, and the governor's house.

On the north-east angle, on a mount, raised considerably above the other buildings, is the keep. It is an irregular polygon; the way to it is by 73 steps, and in it are nine more. From this place the prospect is very extensive. Here was formerly a well, said to have been 300 feet deep; but which is now filled up with rubbish, as being useless and dangerous,

In the north-east angle stand the remains of another tower, called Mountjoy's Tower; the walls of which are in many places 18 feet thick: there are likewise several steps, for the purpose of ascending to the top of it.

These towers have the appearance of much greater antiquity than the other buildings of the castle. The ramparts between the towers are about 20 feet high, and 8 feet thick; in both these dimensions is included the parapet, which formerly ran all round the works;

works; it is but two feet and a half in thickness.

There is likewise another remarkably deep well, covered over by a house; its depth is about 210 feet. A pin thrown into it is near four seconds of time in falling; and, when it strikes the water, a surprisingly loud sound is emitted. The water is drawn by means of a wheel worked by an ass. One of these animals died some time since, who had done this service during forty years.

The old castle is included within a more modern fortification, probably built by Queen Elizabeth. It is an irregular pentagon, faced with stone, and defended by five bastions, on the outside of which runs a deep ditch: the north curtain (perhaps on account of its length) has a break in the middle of it, to make a flank. The walls are said to be a mile and half in circumference.*

From Carisbrook we proceed, through a pleasant valley, to *Shorwell*, four miles distant.

* Vide Grose's Antiquities, vol. H.

Just before we reach the village, we see, on the right, *North Court*, the seat of — Bull, esq. It is a venerable stone mansion, of the age of James I. Shorwell village has an old church.

From Shorwell we turn to *Brixton*, two miles farther, a large village, which has also a parish-church. The corn lands, in this part of the island, are remarkably fine. Indeed, so fertile is the Isle of Wight in general, that its annual produce has been estimated at twelve times as much as its yearly consumption.

The two next miles bring us to *Mottestone*, a small place, with an old church. *Brook* is the next village that we reach; this has also a church. We are now but four miles from Freshwater; and our road ascending elevates us to the summit of *Afton Down*, whence we have a widely extensive prospect; which indeed may well be expected, when it is considered that we are 500 feet above the sea. The greater part of the island lies beneath our ken, as well as
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a vast sweep of Hampshire, and the cliffs of the Isle of Purbeck; and, in very clear weather, we even obtain a glimpse of the Isle of Portland.

On this elevation, if our traveller wishes for a subject to muse upon, we will recommend him to take the spot he now sees as a sample of the whole nation he has the happiness to belong to. Let him look all around, over the downs besprinkled with the grazing flocks,—the meadows rich with pasture,—the fields teeming with abundance of grain; and let him say to himself,—“What greater plenty could I wish for, than is to be found in this fair and fertile land?” Then let him consider the peace, the tranquillity, the general good order, that reigns through all the country,—and that but as a specimen of what is to be seen in every part of the British territory. Let him observe how sacred every private and personal right is held. No overgrown oppressor can find any warrant, in all the well ordered laws of his country, to “grind the

face of the poor." 'Tis the proverb of the whole nation, and a true proverb too, that "every man's house is his castle." Let him consider how freely he is permitted to travel from place to place: no authoritative guard demands a passport of him; no centinel excludes him from the towns he wishes to enter. Let him consider these privileges, as being, under God, the happy consequences of a wise and well managed government; and let him put another question to himself, — "Where shall I find a *better Constitution* than that which produces such effects as these?"

But if he feels the burthen of the imposts which are necessary to maintain the good order he has been observing, and is thereby led to indulge any unreasonable discontent; let him ask himself, whether so many privileges are not cheaply purchased, at the rate he pays for them. And let him contrast his own condition with that of almost all the world besides. Imperfection naturally belongs to every thing human. It cleaves closely to the very best institutions. So that
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the question is not, whether the British Constitution is entirely *faultless*, but whether it has not *fewer faults* than any other.

We have not room to display the excellencies of our own, or the deficiencies of other governments. They must be obvious to every one who is at all versed in the history of nations, or who has any acquaintance with their present state. We might expatiate on the frequent assassinations in the open streets of many foreign states,—the beggars that swarm in their public places,—the thousand inconveniences, of various sorts, which arise from their arbitrary and defective laws, their impotent administrations, and their imperfect police.

Let him but give these things due consideration, and he will be ready to exclaim, with the poet:

* As a proof that *foreigners* know how to appreciate the blessings that *Englishmen* enjoy, contrasted with their own disadvantages, vide *Travels through various Parts of England*, by Charles P. Moritz, of Berlin, and *Travels in England, Scotland, and the Hebrides*, by B. F. Saint-Fond, Member of the French National Institute.

“With

“ With joy we turn to Albion’s happier plain,
Where ancient freedom holds her temperate reign;
Where justice sits majestic on her throne;
Where mercy turns her ear to every groan!
O Albion! fairest isle, whose verdant plain
Springs beauteous from the blue and billowy main;
In peaceful pomp whose glittering cities rise,
And lift their crouded temples to the skies;
Whose navy on the broad brine awful rolls;
Whose commerce glows beneath the distant poles;
Whose streams reflect full many an Attic pile;
Whose velvet lawns in long luxuriance smile:
Amid whose winding coombs contentment dwells;
Whose vales rejoice to hear the sabbath bells;
Whose humblest shed, that steady laws protect,
The villager with woodbine bow’rs has deck’d.
Sweet native land! whose every haunt is dear,
Whose every gale is music to mine ear!
Oh! still may freedom, with majestic mien,
Pacing thy rocks and thy green vales be seen!
Around thy cliffs, that glitter o’er the main,
May smiling order wind her silver chain;
Whilst from thy calm abodes, and azure skies,
Far off the fiend of discord murmuring flies!”

We now descend to *Freshwater Gate*, where we find a decent inn, very singularly situated, on a low pebbly bank, which is the isthmus that connects Freshwater Peninsula with the rest of the island. This beach is not 100 yards in width; and the strong south-westerly winds sometimes beat
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the sea over it, so as to mix the salt water with the stream of the river Yar, which takes its rise at this place. In the course of the last century, a plan was in agitation, to cut through this narrow neck of land, so as entirely to insulate Freshwater; in order that it might be made a retreat for the inhabitants of the island, in case of invasion. But as the scheme seemed to promise a greater degree of trouble and expence than of utility, it was given up.

A few hundred yards from the gate, is *Freshwater Cave*, a fine natural curiosity, formed, in a long course of ages, by the agitation and influx of the waves. It is about 40 yards in depth, and, towards the entrance, near 30 feet high. It has two apertures; one inclining to the east, and another, a noble rude arch that looks towards the south. The mighty fragments of rock, which lie scattered on its irregular floor, and the ponderous masses depending from its roof, give it an appearance of terrific majesty; whilst a grand and boundless view of the ocean,

ocean, seen through the larger opening, combines to form a scene, at once sublime and beautiful.

It may be necessary to remark, that the traveller should choose a proper time for visiting this place, either when the tide is retiring, or quite at the ebb; otherwise he may be disagreeably surprised by the rapid approach of the water.

If the stranger has time, he may perhaps be inclined to visit the light-house, situated on the highest part of *Freshwater Cliffs*;—the distance is three miles, and of course the return will be as many.

The western termination of the island is called *St. Christopher's Cliff*. It is a vast, bold, rocky, semicircular hollow, 600 feet perpendicular above the ocean. Here we have a full view of *the Needles*, said to have been so named from their resembling the shape of those little instruments. At present, they by no means answer this description; as a broad wedge, placed on its basis, would give a much better idea of their present form.

Till

Till within these 30 years, however, one remained, which in figure was not unlike the shape of a needle. This maffy column towered nearly 180 feet above the surface of the sea; but being, in process of time, worn away at the bottom, it yielded at length to the fury of the storm one boisterous night, and sunk into the ocean with a tremendous crash.*

Samphire is gathered from these rocky cliffs; and the eggs of the migrating feathered tribes, which they abundantly deposite in this scarcely accessible situation, are collected by some of the adventurous islanders. Their method of proceeding is equally singular and hazardous. Two or more men fally forth on this expedition, and being arrived at the brink of this tremendous precipice, an iron crow bar is firmly fixed in the earth, to which a proper rope is securely fastened. The person who ventures on this arduous business, having

* In Warner's History of the Isle of Wight, is an engraving of the Needle Rocks, as they appeared in the year 1760, before the Needle fell down.

tied

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tied a basket round him, for the reception of his booty, lowers himself down the rock, to a place where there is plenty of eggs, and a resting place for his feet; and here he commences his plunder. When his basket is filled, he calls to his companion above, who draws it up, and returns him an empty one. This he continues doing, till he has collected a sufficient number of eggs, or is tired of his situation; when, by the assistance of the rope, he once more reaches the summit of the cliff.

The coolness and unconcern with which this fearful occupation is carried on, are scarcely credible to those who have not seen it. Some years ago, however, one of these men, unhappily losing his hold, was dashed in pieces among the rocks beneath.

From this cliff we take the nearest road to Yarmouth, which is five miles distant. *Yarmouth* is a borough town, and the place of greatest note in this part. It has been a town of much greater extent and consequence than it now is; and it possesses the advantage

vantage of a pleasant situation. Yarmouth is nearly opposite Lymington; and packets ply to and from these towns every day, unless the weather be uncommonly tempestuous. A castle was erected here by Henry VIII., the establishment of which is still kept up. It has a governor, and a few gunners.

King Charles II. spent a short time at Yarmouth, in the year 1671. He was accommodated at a house built entirely for that purpose, by Sir Robert Holmes, then governor of the island. This house is at present the George Inn.

From Yarmouth, we proceed, thro' a pleasant country, to *Calbourne*, six miles distant. Calbourne is a pretty and retired village. The parsonage is pleasant. *Westover House*, a seat of the Holmes family, stands on an eminence, and commands extensive and engaging prospects.

From Calbourne to *Swainston* is another two miles. Here we see *Swainston House*, the seat of Sir John Barrington. The house is plain; the views over the surrounding
U country,

country, the Solent* Sea, and New Forest, are pleasing. The grounds contain some of the most valuable timber in the island. Our road from this place to Newport is four miles.

SECTION III.

From Newport to Ryde, St. Helen's, &c.

OUR second tour is to the east of the island, and comprehends Ryde and Brading.

We take the road to Wootton Bridge, about four miles from Newport. At three miles, we observe, on the right, a singular house, built on a curious Gothic plan, by Lord Bolton, governor of the island. It enjoys a wide extent of beautiful prospect.

Wootton Bridge is more properly a causeway, thrown across Wootton River, to detain the tide, which flows up here, for the

* So they denominate the channel, which separates this island from the coast of Hampshire. The etymology of the word seems doubtful.

purpose of working a mill. The fine woods which border it, and descend quite to the water's edge, make it, at full tide, a very beautiful lake.

From this spot, if the stranger chooses to visit *Quarr Abbey*, he takes the road on the left, which soon brings him thither.

The abbey of Quarr (or de Quarreira, as it was anciently called, probably from the neighbouring stone-quarries) was founded by Baldwin, Earl of Devon, in the thirty-second year of Henry I. It was a convent of Cisterians. At the dissolution, its annual revenue, according to Speed, was 144l. 1s. 10d. After this, a Mr. Mills, of Southampton, bought the materials of the building, and carried away as much of them as he thought fit. Its situation is pleasingly secluded, with a beautiful water view. It was formerly surrounded by a wall, nearly a mile in circumference, which may still be traced. Very little of the abbey now remains, except a few walls. The chapel of the monastery may be traced at the east end, as well as some cellars at the west.

We now return to the road we had quitted. At three miles from Wootton Bridge, we see, on the left, a road which leads down to *Binstead*. There is a small church here; but the beauty of the village is the parsonage-house, quite in the cottage stile, with many engaging views.

Between *Binstead* and *Ryde*, a distance of two miles, we have good views of Spithead and that neighbourhood. *Ryde* is a populous place. It is divided into Upper and Lower. Upper *Ryde* is seated on a pleasant eminence, with a fine command of Portsmouth, Gosport, and all that coast. It has several neat and genteel houses. The baths are pretty good. *Ryde* is the principal port on this side of the island, whence embarkations are made for Portsmouth, about seven miles across.

Quitting *Ryde*, we observe, about half a mile from it, on our left, *Apley*, the seat of Dr. Walker, a very beautiful situation. Soon after, we see *St. John's*, an elegant house, commanding nearly the same views as we have before described. It is at

pre-

present the residence of — Simeon, esq. At about three miles from St. John's, is the *Priory*, the seat of Sir Nash Grose, one of the judges of the court of King's Bench. This gentleman has greatly improved the mansion: the grounds are highly pleasing, and the views very extensive. The prospects in this part of the island are frequently made more interesting, especially in time of war, by the large fleets of the British Navy, lying off the coast.—A mile farther is *St. Helen's*. The old church of this village was situated so near the sea, that the waves carried off part of the building; on which account a brief was obtained, in 1719, and a new church was erected, on a more convenient spot. The remains of the former building now serve as a sea-mark.

Four miles from St. Helen's is *Brading*, a small market town. On our right, as we approach it, at a small distance from the road, is *Nunwell*, the seat of Sir William Oglander. The Oglander family is a very ancient one; persons of that name having

resided in this island even before the Norman conquest.

There is nothing particularly striking, in the town of *Brading*. It has a church, said to be the oldest in the island. *Brading Haven*, when the tide fills it, is a fine piece of water. But when the tide recedes, a disgusting tract of naked mud is exhibited, some hundred acres in extent. Various attempts have been made, to recover this vast marsh from the usurpation of the sea. The last, and the most remarkable of these, took place in the time of James I. Sir Bevis Thelwall, a page of the king's bed-chamber, and the famous Sir Hugh Middleton, were the principal persons concerned in the project. But after expending 7000*l.* in carrying it into execution, they found the nature of the soil did not answer their wishes; and at length an overwhelming spring tide made a breach in the embankment, and the waves once more triumphantly resumed the possession of the haven. It appeared, however, from a well which they discovered

near

near the middle of the haven, that this spot had, in earlier days, been good ground.

We next proceed to *Sandown Fort*,—a regular square building, flanked with four bastions, and encompassed by a wet ditch. This fort commands the neighbouring flat beach, and is therefore kept in repair. It was built by Henry VIII. During the American war, some privateers attempted to destroy it; but its lowness secures it from annoyance by sea.

Not far from this fort, is *Sandham Cottage*, the villa of the late John Wilkes, esq., chamberlain of London. From its situation on an eminence, it commands the whole prospect of Sandown Bay.

It was in the evening of his life, that the celebrated character we have just mentioned, retired to this cottage. A sketch of the manner in which he employed himself in his retirement, has lately been afforded us, in the biographical part of the Hampshire Repository.

“After finishing and furnishing the original cottage, which commands an extensive
and

and beautiful sea view, and Culver Cliff to the east, he erected detached pavilions of the Knightbridge floor-cloth manufactory, in the most advantageous points of view; and in the back ground raised numerous fanciful structures, for the purpose of rearing poultry, and keeping various kinds of birds, of which he was exceedingly fond; nay his kindness to the feathered tribe extended so far, that he fastened open boxes, filled with corn, upon the stems of trees, to feed the sparrows and other small birds; and always provided them an additional allowance for winter.

“In the disposition of his shrubbery and garden, he disclaimed the introduction of exotic plants of difficult culture; but was profuse of the common flowering shrubs, the most easily reared fruits and vegetables. To his friend Churchill he erected a memorial, with a Latin inscription, on a Doric pillar, after a model of Virgil’s tomb at Naples, and gave it the name of Churchill’s Tomb: on which he used to remark, that he could not make a more grateful oblation to, or better

better propitiate the manes of, Churchill, than by filling the cavity with a store of the choicest wines; to which use he actually applied it, as a cellar.

“This his villakin, as he called it, contrary to the usual fate of far prouder mansions, rather from the celebrity of its *owner* than its *own*, became one of those fancy-places, which the summer visitors of the Isle of Wight seldom omitted in their excursions; a circumstance highly acceptable to its master, who refused admission to none, and to particular people willingly did the honours himself, with the greatest affability, and many pleasant remarks and anecdotes, applicable to the place and its improvements.

“His hours were regular; and he rose early, for the purpose, as he more jocosely than creditably observed he had ever done, “of worshipping the rising sun.” His mornings were divided between the inspection of his workmen and improvements, and his study, to which he always dedicated some part of the day. Those who visited him, he received
in

in the most hospitable manner; and his acts of benevolence were neither sparing nor ill applied. The tradesmen whom he employed in his improvements, he would occasionally entertain at his own table, and ply them with the most generous and expensive wines; and with their elated spirits and curious remarks, under circumstances to them so unusual, he was greatly amused. Wilkes possessed a happy talent, by no means common to men in the decline of life; he always had the appearance of being pleased with himself, incessantly labouring to impart the same good humour to others; and in this he was so successful, that surly and phlegmatic indeed must have been the person, who could with any degree of spleen quit him and his house.

“In his dress and figure, Wilkes at his cottage, or in the streets of London, was precisely the same; the bag, the blue and gold, or the full suit of scarlet, composed his constant unalterable drapery. These, cut in the fashion of his youthful days, with the single,
rural,

rural, and not well according addition of boots, made the exterior truly unique. At an early hour he was made up for the day, and ready to see company; which he willingly entertained with anecdotes and characters he had met with in his private and political walks through life. In these conversations he never failed to introduce some eulogy on the manners of the French, as they were at the time of his residence among them, and as seldom refrained from his usual sarcasms on North Britons. The habit of repeating the same set of stories, was the only symptom of senility that Wilkes exhibited in his last stage of life; his spirits and vivacity experienced little, if any visible decay. The taste shown by him in ornamenting his rooms and grounds, bore a great affinity to that displayed in his person. Every thing in that line was exactly of a piece with the old blue and gold, and the scarlet, with gold knee bands; all was overdone and gaudy, the very reverse of chaste simplicity.

“In his last visit to his cottage, Wilkes seemed to be aware that his vital thread was spun

spun out to nearly its length, but this caused no abatement in his good humour and festive manners.

“The last time he crossed the water, he had a very long and tedious passage, owing to a total failure of wind. So circumstanced, he jocosely remarked, that if this was the case, he should never again revisit the Isle of Wight; as, in every period of his life, nothing was so hostile to his existence as a *dead calm*. This prediction was verified; he returned no more to the island; but, as is well known, died at the house of his daughter, in Grosvenor Square, on the 28th of December following.”

The writer of the above sketch reprobates, with an honest warmth, the obliquity of John Wilkes's politics, and the licentiousness of his private life: and, speaking of his character as an author, justly observes, that “his progressive profligacy advances in regular gradation of guilt, and rises in an ascending series of shame, from his licentious conversation, through his culpable conduct, to the

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acmé of infamy, his criminal publications. Bad as each is in itself, the next is worst,

“And in the lowest depth
A lower still we find;”

till we arrive at the *ne plus ultra* of evil,—the disturber of the public peace, and the corrupter of the public manners.” *

From this place we now return to the main road, and ascend *Brading Down*. About two miles on this road, we see, on the left, *Knighton*, a beautiful situation, the seat of *G. M. Bisset, esq.* We next notice the sea-mark on *Ashley Down*; whence the prospect is rich, varied, and widely extensive. The sea-mark is a high, triangular, stone pyramid, erected in 1735. When ships are driven by the storm so near the southern coast of the island, as to be able no longer to descry this sea-mark, their situation is almost hopeless; and there is little probability of their escaping the rocks. But the humanity of the islanders to the shipwrecked stranger, deserves to be mentioned with the

* Hampshire Repository, vol. I. title Biography.

highest approbation. Unlike too many of the hard-hearted inhabitants of our coasts, who rejoice in the calamities of the tempest, as affording an opportunity for plunder, the people of the Isle of Wight are ever ready to assist and to comfort their distressed fellow-creatures, who have been cast on their hospitable shores.

During the present war, a signal-house has been erected here; for the purpose of receiving signals from three other houses, on the western, eastern, and southern coasts of the island, and transmitting them to another station at Portsmouth. By this means, all the ships that appear on the coasts of the island are noticed; and intelligence of their motions is forwarded to the admiral at Portsmouth.

Hence we return to Newport, five miles distant.

SECTION

SECTION IV.

From Newport to Niton, the Undercliff, &c.

OUR third excursion takes in the southern parts of the island, and is rather less than 30 miles.

We now take the road to *Standen*, about a mile and half from Newport. *Standen House* is a pleasant situation. From this place we see, at a distance, on the right, *Gatcombe House*, a seat of the Worsley family, in a very fine situation. A mile and a half further, on the right, is *Pidford House*, the seat of the Rev. Dr. Worsley. Hence we proceed for Niton, six miles distant. *Niton* is a little village, at the foot of St. Catherine's Hill, remarkable for its crabs. From Niton we descend to the *Undercliff*, an extensive perpendicular precipice, of between five and six miles in extent; and, in general, about 120 feet lower than the land we have left. It is of different breadths, from a mile to a mile and quarter over, Mr. Warner

observes that, from its being thrown into such whimsical swellings and indentations, and lying in such romantic confusion, preserving at the same time a resemblance of parts which constitute an uncouth and extraordinary whole, he cannot help thinking it may be considered as "a prodigious *land-slip*, occasioned, in distant ages, by the absorption of the foundations of this vast tract into some huge cavern or gulf below, after being sapped and undermined by subterraneous waters; an opinion which is justified by various instances of similar lapses, in other parts of the kingdom, and perhaps confirmed by the rectilinear formality of the naked, remaining cliff." *

Mr. Warner's opinion seems to be greatly corroborated by what has recently taken place in this neighbourhood. The phenomenon of the land-slip of February last having excited much curiosity, we were anxious to obtain some authentic particulars respecting it, for the information of our readers. For these we were recommended

* Warner's Isle of Wight, p. 193.

to apply to the Rev. Mr. Barwis, who resides at no great distance from the spot, as a gentleman who was well acquainted with them, and would readily communicate what he knew. Having written to him on the subject, he immediately favoured us with the following observations, with a kind and willing politeness, to which we are glad to confess ourselves obliged.

“The part affected is about half a mile to the west of the commencement of the road along the Undercliff, on the confines of the two parishes of Niton and Chale. The cottage and land adjoining, called Pitlands, both in the parish of Chale, were in the centre of the convulsion, and underwent the most complete change.

“It does not appear that there was any thing like a shock, or sudden convulsion, felt at the time, even on the spot. The whole effect was produced by a silent and quiet settlement from the base of the nearly perpendicular cliff, called Gore Cliff, the boundary between St. Catherine’s Hill and the Undercliff, or Underway. This settle-

ment moved in the direction of a stream of water, that runs from the cliff to the sea; and carried with it the surface of nearly one hundred acres, breaking and tossing the whole about into innumerable fragments. In its course it took the cottage fitted up for an occasional tea-drinking place, by its proprietor Mr. Arnold; which it nearly swallowed up, with the exception of the chimney, which, though sunk into the ground, still stands on its foundation. The general effect is particularly visible at a projection, or point of land, into the sea, called Rocken End.

“I am not one of those who attribute this to an earthquake. The cause may be easily traced, by people conversant with that peculiar feature of the Isle of Wight, called the Undercliff. Different settlements from the cliff to the sea, in the lapse of time, have occasioned the very grand and romantic scenery, which has been so often described. The late settlement has been neither more nor less than one of those, which, often repeated, and far extended, have shaped the whole

whole of the country, from the place in question for five miles to the east. Particularly in the time of frost and snow, partial founders from the top of the cliff are by no means uncommon :—that of February last was one of the greatest ever known in the memory of man. It is extremely curious to behold ;—and to contemplate it is enough to account for the general appearance round it. When time shall have fixed the lately disturbed rocks, when the rills of water shall have found their course, and when the now torn up bushes and shrubs shall have again taken root, it will again fall into and mingle with the adjoining scenery.”

We proceed, along this Undercliff, to *St. Lawrence*, a little village, with a church ; but principally remarkable on account of Sir Richard Worsley’s elegant cottage, which stands here. We need not expatiate on the situation, since we have already, in a general way, hinted at the romantic beauties of this wonderful Undercliff ; and must refer our readers, from such faint and imperfect delineations, to the grand work itself.

A mile

A mile farther, is the cottage of *SteePhill*, built by the Right Hon. Hans Stanley, at present the property of the Earl of Dysart. Here is also a little inn, where refreshments may be procured. We next see *St. Boniface Cottage*, the seat of Henry Hoare, esq. The two next miles bring us to *Bonchurch*, the name of which is probably contracted from St. Boniface's church. It is a pleasant village.

From Bonchurch we take the nearest road to *Shanklin*. We must not omit here, though it is at some distance from the road, *Appuldurcombe House*, the stately seat of Sir Richard Worsley, bart. It is situated in a very fine as well as extensive valley. The entrance into the park is by an elegant gateway of the Ionic order. In this park is an obelisk, inscribed to the memory of Sir Robert Worsley. The house is constructed of Portland stone; and is very spacious. It is fitted up in a most magnificent style. The valuable paintings, the fine collection of Grecian antiquities, which Sir Richard brought from the Archipelago, and various other curiosities, adorn the inside of this sumptuous

sumptuous mansion, and form a rich and interesting museum. From the park (which is furnished with deer) we see, on a distant eminence, some artificial ruins, which were erected as an object from the house. They are called Cook's Castle.

But we proceed to *Shanklin*. This is a very neat and pleasant village, with a church. *Shanklin Chine*, at a small distance from the village, is well worth a visit. It is a tremendous and very remarkable chasm in the earth, occasioned, it is likely, in remote ages, by some violent natural convulsion. From its commencement to the shore is about 800 yards. Its form is irregular, gradually increasing in depth and width, till it terminates towards the sea, where its opening is about 180 feet over, and near 270 deep. Being obscured by a multitude of trees, shrubs, and bushes, which shade its sides, and prevent the eye in many parts from penetrating to the bottom, it wears altogether a singular and awful appearance.

From *Shanklin* we proceed to *Arreton*, a fertile village, about six miles distant. From
this

this place we may take the road over *St. George's Down*, or strike into the *Brading Road* to *Newport*. The distance, either way, is about four miles.

Thus much for our tours, which have comprised the most remarkable things in the island. Those who take up a more permanent residence in it, may perhaps choose to explore this delightful spot more minutely. But we trust we have said enough for its general visitants; and we are apprehensive of swelling our little volume to a size inconvenient for the pocket.

For those who may be inclined to take a voyage round the island, vessels may be hired at any of its ports. Concerning this expedition, however, we venture to put in a caveat, in the words of a gentleman who has frequently made the voyage; but who declares that he never engaged in one, "where the party did not express more pleasure and satisfaction at its being completed, than at the actual commencement, or in any part of its continuation." And he adds,

adds, that he would recommend “this uncertain voyage to those ladies and gentlemen only, who may possess an uncommon degree of cheerfulness and good humour, and who are proof against the convulsive operations of a sea sickness.” *

A particular history of the ancient and present state of the Isle of Wight does not come within our limits.† We conclude with saying, in general, that the form of the island is that of an irregular lozenge; measuring about 22 miles from the eastern to the western angle, and 13 miles from the northern to the southern one. It is about 60 miles in circumference; and comprises, perhaps, 105,000 superficial acres. It is divided into two hundreds, called East and West Medine, as they lie on either side of the river of that name: and it contains 30 parishes. The face of the country, as we have before observed, is beautifully diversifi-

* Wyndham's Picture of the Isle of Wight. p. 138.

† For this we refer the reader to Warner's History of the Isle of Wight, Military, Ecclesiastical, Civil, and Natural.

fied;

fied; and the soil, rich and productive. The climate is pleasant and salubrious: though, from the many hills of the island, rain is pretty frequent. Timber is not very plentiful, but there are some fine woods remaining.* The downs, a long range of hills, stretching the whole length of the island, from the town of Brading to the Needles, furnish a fine pasture for sheep. But little of their wool is worked up in the island, being principally exported to the clothing counties. The exports of corn also, to the neighbouring counties, are very considerable; the produce of the island being, as we have before hinted, so much greater than its consumption.† The inhabitants of the Isle of Wight may be estimated at 18,700. In manners they are open and hospitable. The beauty of the females is almost proverbial.

* "In the time of Charles II., there were woods in the island so complete and extensive, that it is said a squirrel might have travelled, in several parts, many leagues together, on the tops of the trees."—Gilpin's *Observations on the Western Parts of England*, p. 331.

† Two hundred waggons, laden with corn, have sometimes been seen at Newport Market.

The house of industry established here, for the general reception of the paupers of the island, has produced the most beneficial effects. We cannot but add our wish, that Sunday Schools were generally established in the island. To the enemies of these institutions we would observe (tho' we know not that any such thing has been done in the present instance), that, to withhold instruction from the poor, on any of the narrow-minded motives of worldly policy, must be as criminal as it is cruel. And to those, who, from pretended apprehension of a remote evil, would countenance so unchristian a conduct, we would recommend the opinion of a great and an intelligent man:—one who well knew how to appreciate "*the Pierian spring*," and yet was no advocate for monopolizing the pleasant waters, or for preventing those from "*tasting*," who had it not in their power to "*drink deep*."—"If," says *Dr. Johnson*, "obedience to the will of God be necessary to happiness, and knowledge of his will be necessary to obedience,—I know not how he that withholds this knowledge, or

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delays it, can be said to love his neighbour as himself. He that voluntarily continues ignorance, is guilty of all the crimes that ignorance produces; as to him that should extinguish the tapers of a light-house, might justly be imputed the calamities of shipwrecks."

What nation could produce a more ignorant commonalty than distracted France?—than bleeding Ireland? May Britain take timely warning; and, through every corner of her dominions, may it be her ambition to boast of a well-educated poor. May it be her ardent desire, and her persevering effort, to chase away the demons of irreligion and anarchy,—the destroyers of every social and of every virtuous principle, by the radiant and irresistible light of truth. And may her Bible and her Constitution, untainted by French republicanism, or French *theophilanthrophism*, or by any of the errors of that deluded country, descend, pure and perfect, to her latest posterity.

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